

The TATTLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXIV. No. 2392

London
May 14th, 1947



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

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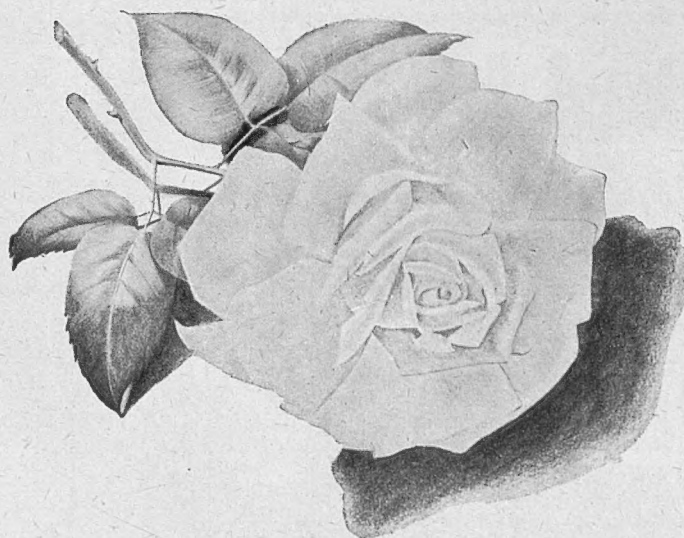
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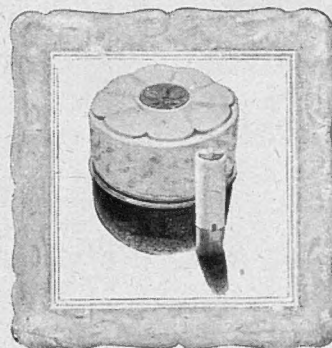
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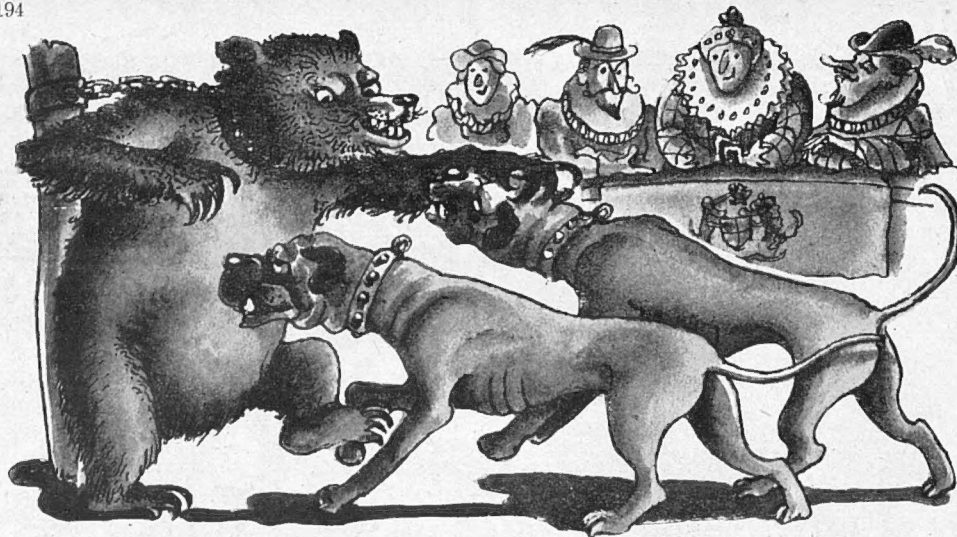
THE
TATLER
and
BYSTANDER



Dorothy Wilding

LADY CORRY, WIFE OF SIR JAMES CORRY

Lady Corry is the wife of Sir James Perowne Ivo Myles Corry, Bt. Before her marriage she was Mrs. David Polson, widow of Captain Polson, Seaforth Highlanders, and is the daughter of Mrs. Francis Bliss of Santa Barbara, California. Her husband, who is the third baronet, succeeded his father, Sir William Corry, in 1926. He has one son and two daughters by his previous marriage



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

MR. CHARLES WILLIAM KEY, M.P., the Minister of Works, no doubt finds his job a sufficiently arduous one. When he took it on he can scarcely have supposed that it would seek to make of him an historian without peer—which is indeed no more than the bare truth. Almost daily he must be hard at his studies, for in the House there is a small and select body of persons ever ready and eager to examine him, to (like all examiners) catch him out on some unsuspected gap in his knowledge, to berate him and scold him and to send him back to his books with a wag or two of an authoritative finger. The temptation to draw a parallel between Mr. Key and a schoolboy is almost irresistible, for all that it would not be wholly accurate. He has, let it be confessed, one supreme advantage not given to the student when confronted by his tormentors; he can tell them to go to the devil.

Not that he often does so—in precise terms—for he is a courteous man and an able one. Nevertheless, he *could* do it were he so disposed. It is as well to remember this when baiting the Minister and when urging the claims of yet another great figure in history to a permanent memorial in stone or bronze.

Feminist Claim

I OBSERVE that Mr. Wilson Harris, M.P., that indefatigable custodian of life's more solid amenities, has been after Mr. Key once again, this time taking Queen Elizabeth as the subject for his questioning. "Will the Minister of Works," he asked, "cause a statue of Queen Elizabeth to be erected in the vicinity of Whitehall?"—adding, to avoid ambiguity, that he referred to the Tudor Wench.

Mr. Key, in no mood to haver, bluntly told him, "No, sir"; to which Mr. Harris, nowise dismayed, said, "The right hon. Gentleman is very difficult. Is he aware that this lady could make a good claim for being the greatest

sovereign this country has ever known? Is he aware that a committee of both Houses, of which Lord Macaulay was a member, recommended that a statue be erected in these precincts; and that there exist today, as there did in Lord Macaulay's time, several hon. Members of this house who would serve admirably as models for such a statue?" The plea was not sufficient. Mr. Key was unmoved, and Mr. Harris had perforce to switch the examination to two other personages, General Gordon and King Charles I; when will the General be back on his plinth in Trafalgar Square? and what is the latest news on King Charles, please?

Here rather more satisfaction was forthcoming. The repairs to King Charlie have been completed and he has now resumed his place. As to the General—a decision about him will be reached shortly.

Queenly Fashion

CONTEMPLATING these exchanges, I was irreverent enough to think also about ladies' silk stockings. The connection is not so remote, at that, and we may turn to John Stow's *Chronicles* for the proof. I quote: "In the second year of Queen Elizabeth her silk woman, Mistress Montague, presented her Majesty with a pair of black knit silk stockings for a new year's gift, the which, after a few days wearing, pleased her Royal Highness so well that she sent for Mistress Montague and asked her where she had them and if she could help her to any more; who answered, saying, 'I made them very carefully of purpose only for your Majesty and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so,' quoth the Queen, 'for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings.' And from that time to her death the Queen never wore cloth hose, but only silk stockings."

One cannot doubt that Mr. Key was seized of these and all other relevant facts about Queen Elizabeth when, with that sharp negative, he banished her likeness from Whitehall. Perhaps, pondering upon the current controversy about Bankside, Southwark (which, admittedly, concerns not his Department but that of his colleague, Mr. Silkin) he also recalled Elizabeth very much favouring that quarter where there was situated the most famous of London's bear-baiting arenas, and where, in 1575, a famous baiting took place in which thirteen bears were provided. Years later, Steele attacked this cruel business in *THE TATLER*, although, when the Puritans tried to put an end to it, Macaulay sarcastically suggested that this was "not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." Elizabeth's views in the matter were clear enough. If Robert Laneham is to be believed, she took an especial delight in seeing her English mastiffs pitted against the cunning of Ursa. Laneham says that on May 25, 1559, the French ambassadors were brought to court with music to dinner and after a splendid meal were entertained with the baiting of bears and bulls with English dogs: "The Queen's grace herself and the ambassadors stood in the gallery looking on the pastime till six at night. The diplomatists were so gratified that her majesty never failed to provide a similar show for any foreign visitors she wished to honour."

Much as the bold Elizabeth favoured actors and encouraged play-going, she became very indignant when the attractions of the bear-garden paled before those of the theatre; in 1591 the Privy Council issued an order forbidding plays to be acted on Thursdays because these were historically bear-baiting days. This order was followed by an injunction from the Lord Mayor to the same effect in which he complained "that in divers places the players do use to recite their plays to the great hurt and destruction of the game of bear-baiting and such-like pastimes which are maintained for her majesty's pleasure." And Gay, in his *Trivia*, says:

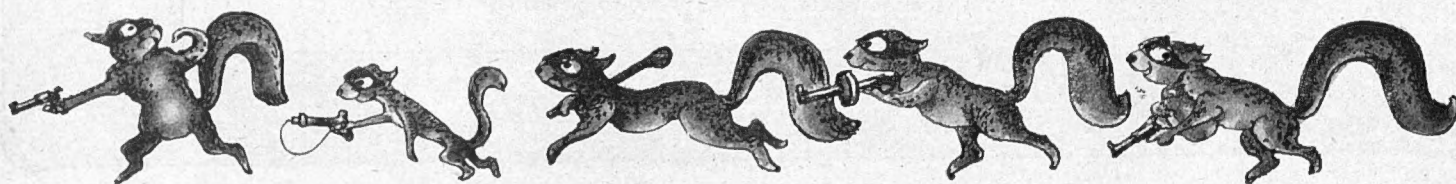
"Experienced men, inured to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves, majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley Hole, the surly bull,
Hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game."

Not until 1835 was baiting finally put down by Act of Parliament—after an existence of at least seven centuries, this ceased to rank among the amusements of the English people.

Clear the Ring

MY enemies are on the warpath again. As last year, so this. They are eating my young peas, my seedling cabbages and cauliflowers. Their appetite is tremendous and from them nothing appears to be safe be I never so clever at rigging up traps and things that go boomp in the night. With monstrous cunning they circumvent every obstacle and mock at every precaution. They now have, in one swift, efficient raid, cleared my greenhouse where I had been nurturing early lettuces.

A murrain upon all squirrels, I say, and may



disaster encompass them at every turn; trouble, humiliation, hardship, curses, blight, calamity, catastrophe, evil, ruin—*and more*—upon them. For I have indeed worked hard to lay the foundations of a kitchen garden which should this summer be a joy and mighty provider. And all's to do again, if there be time. I am reminded that this is yet, perhaps, the beginning of the story, the commencement only of the rape, since the pairing time for squirrels is between February and April, and thereafter the females of these furry fiends give birth to anything up to nine young ones. The real Battle of Waltham, then, is yet to be fought—and successfully, if my table is this summer to be graced with splendid salads, fine, fat strawberries, delicious plums, appetizing pears, scrumptious apples, gooseberries, red and black currants, and nectarines of exquisite quality. The gloves, gentle readers, are off.

Nothing to Hide

A WELL-MEANING reader writes me (from Germany) suggesting in all seriousness "that photos indicating luxury living should be

avoided these days and as a particular example I suggest the photo of the Champagne Bar* on page 45 of your issue of April 9 might well have been omitted. Not as a result of that type of illustration can you expect a reduction in income tax or death duties."

One does not wish in any way to be hard or discourteous, but frankly as a piece of muddled thinking this is prime stuff. It is in the highest degree unlikely that the Chancellor of the Exchequer requires to turn to these glossy pages to find out the net consumption of champagne in these islands. If a "Champagne Bar" notice be out of place, then "Whisky Sold Here" is equally so, for the cost of each is about the same. THE TATLER, among other things, reflects in its photographs how at least one section of the populace spends its leisure. In this I fail to see any criminal, subversive or anti-social intent or purpose. People do drink champagne, people do dine at their favourite restaurants; people do hunt and dance; they do go to the theatre and the ballet. Should we pretend that they do not?

* At U.E. Wilton Hunt Ball.



Harlip

QUEEN FREDERIKA OF GREECE

King Paul's consort in the task of ruling Greece, so suddenly thrust on him by the unexpected death of King George II, is Queen Frederika, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. She married Prince Paul in 1938 and they have a son, Prince Constantine, and two daughters, Princess Sophia and Princess Irene. Queen Frederika visited London last summer

George Bilainkin.

VISITING MIDDLE EAST

JEDDA, RED SEA.—Dust rises fiercely in sudden, irresistible waves along the parched roads of Saudi Arabia's principal port, gateway to the wider world of the riches slowly pouring out of the desert a thousand miles to the east. But to the two hundred million Moslems throughout the world Jedda is more significant as the avenue to their two sacred cities, Mecca and Medina.

Jedda, too, is the diplomatic capital of a state whose strategic significance is second to none, for in Saudi Arabia oil flows abundantly and will do so long after the vast quantities in the American continent are exhausted, and after the wells in nearby, fabulously rich Iraq turn barren.

Though three thousand miles from London Jedda might well be ten thousand, for some pieces in its brilliant mosaic belong to this year, and some to another age, not a mere couple of centuries back. In the bazaars, near the carved teak doors of houses, by the simple, rough, dignified minarets, inside tiny shops where goat skins become water holders, the era compares with the Hejra, day of the flight of the Prophet, June 20, A.D. 622.

In addition to the British Legation, there are missions here from the United States, from France, Holland, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Turkey and Afghanistan. Perhaps ironically the Russians are "represented" by a former medical adviser to the mission who refused to travel back to Moscow when the legation was recalled.

BLUE-EYED, stockily built, tanned by a life spent under sunny skies, Great Britain's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary Mr. Lawrence Graffley-Smith, was born in his grandfather's home, a Dorset vicarage, fifty-five years ago. Swift-speaking, mobile in his chair, Smith is conscious of a comforting fact. The British are immensely liked here, and desired as friends. Now and then we may be criticized, or chided, for forgetting political pledges, but, in the main, the hall-mark "British" still counts magically, as does the frequently to be seen British sovereign. (It fetches £4 10s. in riyals, the American-minted Arabian silver coin worth 1s. 6d.)

Leaving Repton, Smith travelled widely to pick up the languages needed then for the Levant consular service, French, German, Spanish, Italian, also Greek and Latin; later he gathered up Turkish, Arabic, Persian and (now forgotten) Russian.

After service in Egypt, where he has worked sixteen years, he arrived as vice-consul in Jedda on Christmas Eve, 1920. He remained four years and remembers that in those days journeys were restricted to Jedda's city boundaries. Now, of course, diplomatists may travel almost without restriction, save that they do not go beyond the white pillars, approaches to Mecca and Medina.

OCCASIONALLY Smith goes to Riyadh, the sacred capital, to enter which it is necessary to have permission from King Ibn Saud, founder and moulder of modern Saudi Arabia.

More often he travels to the wonder resort in the mountains, Ta'if, to speak to the progressive Foreign Minister, classically featured, direct-minded Emir Feisal. The drive to Ta'if is pleasant, for the frequent green patches encountered in the desert are reminiscent of English fields. In Ta'if I found strongly defended walls but also friendship and hospitality, above all a handshakethat remains the desert Arab's proud monopoly.



Bassano
Mr. Lawrence Graffley-Smith, the British Minister to Saudi Arabia



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

The Man from the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

The White Devil (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Most entertaining satirical comedy by Ivor Novello on backstage life, with Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Power Without Glory (Fortune). Real life thriller with psychological angle and first-rate performances from all members of the cast.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling satirical comedy for a twelve-weeks season, with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Emlin Williams and Frederick Leicester.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist* and *Richard II* with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton and Alec Guinness.

Candida (Piccadilly). Revival of Shaw's play, beautifully acted by Fay Compton, Jack Hawkins and Morland Graham.

Birthmark (Playhouse). Mystery and suspense is the keynote of this play dealing with a reincarnation of Eva Braun, with Louise Hampton.

Peace Comes to Peckham (Princes). R. F. Delderfield's new comedy deals with the impact on Peckham of two returned evacuees from America. Most ably acted by Bertha Belmore, Leslie Dwyer and an enthusiastic cast.

Call Home the Heart (St. James's). "There are more things in Heaven and earth . . ." proves Clemence Dane in her new play, which has magnificent performances in it from Dame Sybil Thorndike, Valerie White and Leon Quartermaine.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

No Room at the Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Gabrielle Brune and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new musical operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

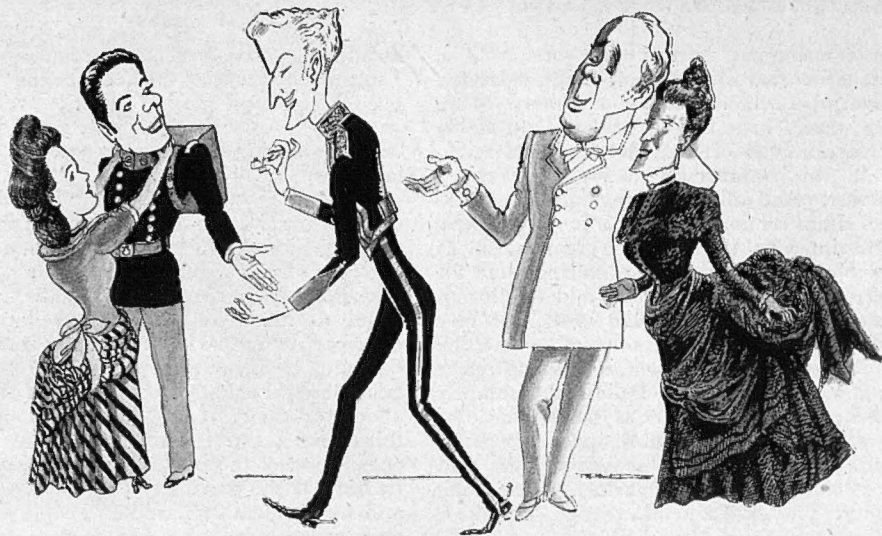
Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative and moves with typically transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

1066 and All That (Saville). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare in a much modernized and renovated revival of the humorous skit on England down the ages.



"Well Done, Thomas," remarks the unlucky suitor's father (Eric Frost) to his wife (Edna Clement), as the Hon. Thomas Trout (Brian Reece) surrenders the engagement ring to his rival (Georges Guétary) and the fiancée (Lizbeth Webb)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

At the

"Bless The Bride" (Adelphi)

BIG BEN loosed a swarm of bees that had long buzzed in Sir Alan Herbert's bonnet. There were redundant nose-pokers, kill-joys who would deny the Briton his liquor, legislators thin-blooded and deplorable or full-blooded and admirable, peers humanized by beer and skittles in riverside saloons, London River itself and its jolly watermen. Every little bee was plainly labelled "A.P.H."

This time he is strictly impersonal. There is nothing in *Bless the Bride*, barring a few lines of wit, that any competent librettist of musical comedy could not have supplied.

The plot, which is of no particular importance, is pitched in 1870. There are young ladies who bathe without getting wet; lawn tennis, that shocking French importation, scandalously invades the staid croquet lawn; Frenchmen are absurd in an English setting, Englishmen almost equally absurd in France; the militia is a droll body of men—really it would almost seem that Sir Alan had gone back to the old volumes of *Punch* to find out what was considered comic in 1870.

Yet it all works out very happily. The dresses are as lavish and as opulent as the scenery. The singing is excellent, and Mr. Vivian Ellis's music engaging. Everything has the mark of good taste inseparable from a Cochran show, and though originality has been avoided as though it were something that stung the hand that fed it, Miss Wendy Toye and her collaborators succeed in giving conventional sentiment and humour a genuine freshness.

MISS LIZBETH WEBB, a leading lady discovered by Mr. Cochran in the chorus, is the brightest feather in the comedy's cap. Her singing is pleasing; she has a shy, endearing manner; and she also acts a little. M. Georges Guétary is an accomplished singer already well known to French radio listeners, and he knows both how to bring the stage alive and keep it alive. A huge cast is well disciplined and gay, and the heavily decorated period pageant runs smoothly and cheerfully along familiar but by no means outworn lines.



Georges Guétary as the dashing and fashionable Pierre Fontaine, whose romantic attractions no maidenly mid-Victorian heart could possibly be expected to withstand



Gunplay by Father (Wm. J. McCarthy) which alarms his daughter (Dorothea Macfarland) and the pedlar (Marek Windheim), but not Aunt Eller (Mary Marlo), who knows his ways. Meanwhile Jud Fry (Henry Clarke), odd man out, draws a gun, too

BACKSTAGE



As I announced some time ago Terence Rattigan planned to write four short plays for John Gielgud who proposed to appear in them in two double bills on his return from America.

Rattigan now tells me that he has completed two of the plays—a comedy entitled *High Summer* and a serious piece, *The Browning Version*. Together they run for two hours and a quarter. "I took them over to New York recently," he said, "and Gielgud has arranged to produce them in November."

Rattigan hasn't yet decided about the other set of plays. "It is rather fun writing them," he confessed; "a change to get away from the conventional three-act formula. Few people realize the difficulties of the playwright's job. Unlike the novelist who can write a story of anything from 60,000 to more than 200,000 words, he is circumscribed by writing nearly always to a uniform length though he is often inspired by a theme excellent for brief treatment but unsuitable for expansion."

FOLLOWING the Old Vic season which ends on May 31, J. B. Priestley's *Ever Since Paradise* opens at the New Theatre on June 4 when Priestley will for the first time act as producer of his own play, which was very successful during its provincial tour last year. The stars are Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans, with Jane Carr, Dennis Arundell, Joy Shelton and Hugh Kelly completing the cast of six.

Stephen Mitchell, who presents it, will thus have productions running at adjacent theatres, for *Clutterbuck* at Wyndham's is still an outstanding hit and celebrated its 300th performance on May 9. Gabrielle Brune, vivacious star of musical comedy, is now playing her first straight part, having succeeded Patricia Burke in the role of Deborah.

WHEN the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company open its short summer season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in July it is possible that at least one old favourite will be restored to the repertoire. Every Gilbert and Sullivan fan no doubt will hope that it will be *H.M.S. Pinafore*, which has not been given since the early days of the war.

During the heavy raids of 1941 the company lost the dresses and scenery of this opera along with all the similar equipment for *Ruddigore*, *Princess Ida* and *The Sorcerer*, and so far they have not been able to make the necessary replacements.

J. W. PEMBERTON's record-breaking revue, *J. Sweetest and Lowest*, with Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall still leading the revels, had its first anniversary at the Ambassadors on May 9 and shows every indication of running throughout the year. Next month this astonishing series, which began in June, 1943, with *Sweet and Low*, will have been running for four years.

HAVING admired Mary Kerridge in such diverse parts as the Maid in Shaw's *St. Joan* and Aladdin in Christmas pantomime, I am glad that her talents have at last brought her into notice as leading lady in a West End production. She has made a great success as the German girl in *Birchmark* at the Playhouse, a production by her husband, John Counsell, who controls the repertory company at the Theatre Royal, Windsor.

Miss Kerridge was leading lady there when Counsell married her in 1939. Their twin daughters, Jennifer and Elizabeth, were born in 1943 when he was on active service with the Royal Artillery. As a lieutenant-colonel he drew up the "instrument of surrender" when the Germans collapsed.

JOY PARKER, who plays Ariel in *The Tempest*, latest addition to this season's repertory at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, is the wife of Paul Schofield who, as the result of his work at Stratford-on-Avon, particularly as Mercutio, is one of the most promising of the younger school of actors.

Miss Parker is authoress as well as actress. Her first book, *The Story of Benjamin Scarecrow*, a story for children which she illustrated herself, was a best-seller last year. She has a second book on the stocks which is expected to be published later in the year. It is another story for children entitled *Tales of the Four Winds*.

Beaumont Kent.

Theatre

"Oklahoma!" (Drury Lane)

ONE can imagine a better sort of show for Drury Lane but nothing in this sort better done. *Oklahoma!* has everything that it takes to be a masterpiece of American musical comedy, and the problem of how to fill our noblest theatre, left unsolved by Mr. Coward's altogether too gentle essay in Pacific romanticism, need not trouble its directors for a very long while.

Indeed, their chief problem at the moment of writing is how to get the last curtain down. The early audiences, as though stirred to the marrow by some great sporting event, have done their best to keep the company up all night.

It would be by no means inept to insist that this show has more of the sporting than the dramatic in its appeal. The vitality of the performers imparts a thrill of physical well-being to the spectator; and their sustained efficiency is extraordinary. When, say, a bad hired hand falls on his knife in a hand-to-hand with a good cowboy, it is just as though a great games player has caught or hit a ball as well as ball could ever be caught or hit. The sight induces a state of emotional admiration: we are inclined to stand up and cheer.

Yet it is all wonderfully theatrical in the sense that all its parts are strictly related to the whole. A simple little tale of love on the farm is told in terms of colour and movement and melody, and nothing irrelevant to the tale is allowed to happen. There is humour—some of it piquantly macabre—but it is always on the mark, and there is ballet, and this again is no mere interlude but an integrated scene amusingly pointing the moral of the tale.

Everything has been thought out, every flying alteration of the colour scheme considered, and the stage is always decorative and vibrant with life and song. There are no indifferent performances: the team led by Mr. Harold Keel and Miss Betty Jane Watson has been trained to perfection by Mr. Reuben Mamoulian; and the whole thing rests, and rests securely, on the triumphant music of Mr. Richard Rodgers.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



The Long and the Short of It: Curly (Harold Keel) in love with life and the farmer's daughter (Betty Jane Watson), who narrowly escapes the designs of the sinister Jud

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

Bad, Good and Indifferent



Anna Neagle's latest film, "The Courtneys of Curzon Street," is showing in London now, and Michael Wilding again co-stars with her. Also in the cast are Coral Browne, Gladys Young and Jack Watling.

THERE are plots both in the theatre and the cinema which drive me crazy with boredom and have done so, all my life. The first Shakespeare play I ever saw was *As You Like It*, and I just couldn't understand how Benson could fail to perceive that the young man in the forest was the young woman he had fallen for at court, since both were obviously Mrs. Benson. *Twelfth Night* has always been ruined for me by the boyish pretence. Going further afield, I just cannot believe

that a woman doesn't know her own husband because he has shaved or grown a beard. A woman who is not a complete imbecile ought to know her man by his hands and the way he takes off his socks. Even the heavenly *Rosenkavalier* would be spoilt for me if I paid any attention to the plot, which I don't, by the fact that one of the characters is a girl masquerading as a boy who pretends to be a girl.

I LEAVE it to the reader to imagine the horror with which I sat through *Lost Honeymoon* (Tivoli), this being all about a young man who contracted amnesia during the war and may, for all he knows, have married and begotten children during those lost six weeks. Nature, however, is merciful and it is possible that I should have written "slept through," instead of "sat through," in the previous sentence.

Looking at a programme afterwards I find that my heart's delight, Una O'Connor, had appeared in the film. Well, since programmes and synopses never lie I must believe this, though I would with clear conscience make affirmation to the contrary. How Franchot Tone can bemean himself to this rubbish is, thank heaven, his own affair and not mine. For my part, I would sooner hire a step-ladder and bucket and clean Hollywood's windows.

ON the other hand there are plots with a childish fairy-tale quality in which I can wholly believe. The story of *That Way With Women* (Warner's) is the old one about the retired business magnate who is bored by his millions and even more bored by dyspepsia attendant upon inactivity. This particular

millionaire, Sydney Greenstreet, head of an immense motor combine, seeks escape from the tyranny of wife and doctors by buying a garage where he works. An excellent performance by Greenstreet and an even better one by Dane Clark, a good actor with a nice, homely, not to say plain, likeable mug. There is a clever skit, too, by Martha Vickers, always supposing it is a skit, on the appalling commonness of the young women Hollywood takes to be ladies. The film is not unwitty. "Fie, fie," says the doctor, shaking a finger at the millionaire stealthily devouring an anchovy at a cocktail party. "Eating between meals

again?" Greenstreet, who has been condemned to a diet of spinach, arrowroot and weak tea, replies, "Doctor, to be able to eat between meals one must have meals to eat between."

I could have sat through this film if it had been twice as long. The only thing which worried me was whether I did or did not see George Arliss in something of the same sort in the long, long ago.

ANNA NEAGLE was a housemaid in the employ of Lady Courtney. To judge by the servants' ball given on New Year's Eve, 1899, there must have been at least forty-five other servants kept, which seems elaborate even for Curzon Street. Anna fell in love with Michael Wilding, a lieutenant in the Guards, married him in 1900 and, Victorian society disapproving, left him to go to Ireland, where their son was born. To support herself and her son Anna then became a famous musical comedy actress à la Marie Studholme without her husband being aware of it. One has understood that Guards officers can be pretty dumb, but it seems to me improbable that a man's wife can have all London at her feet for thirteen years without the man getting to hear about it. One day during the first World War when Anna was entertaining the troops in France, she met Michael by accident, they resumed their married life, and she proposed to him they should pop over to Charterhouse to see how the kid was getting along. Again it seems odd to me that a Guards officer can have a son at Charterhouse in his own name and not know it. When peace came Michael left the Army, became a stockbroker, lost his money in the postwar financial crisis. So Anna went on the stage again and sang and danced numbers like "The Broken Doll," "Soldiers in the Park," and "Roses of Picardy." Presently the boy got married, and on the eve of becoming a father, was shot in some frontier war in India, which put paid to his missus, too.

The infant survives, however, and we last see him in 1945 as a sergeant engaged to a girl he met in a factory at York. Her family is opposed to the marriage because he will one day be a baronet and they are honest, decent, working folk. And what is Anna doing all this time? Dancing and singing "Lily Marlene" like mad. In the end everything is all right owing largely to some 1900 port and the author's recollections of the end of *Cavalcade*. There is not one syllable of originality about *The Courtneys of Curzon Street* (Empire). On the other hand, there is an immense amount of competence. I thought that Mr. Wilding's profile was in very good form, and that the stuff Miss Neagle uses for acting is beginning to look more like the real thing.



Patricia Roc in "The Brothers," which is adapted from the novel by L. A. G. Strong. The action takes place in the Isle of Skye, and she plays the role of a young servant and stranger to the island, with whom two brothers are in love. This is Miss Roc's first picture since the American "Canyon Passage"



Hugh Williams and his attractive wife find they have plenty to cope with in a high-spirited small son and the miniature poodles which Hugh Williams finds time to breed over and above his stage and film work

Actor Hugh Williams at Home in Bucks

An Ex - "Phantom" Resumes His Career

Hugh Williams will be seen on May 15th in his new film *Take My Life*, with Greta Gynt, a murder mystery with an unusual twist at the end of it. Since the war Hugh Williams has been seen in the West End in *Portrait in Black* with Diana Wynyard, and in *Zoo in Silesia*, at the Embassy Theatre. He joined the Army in September 1939, and served with the Queen's Westminster Rifles, the Devonshire Regiment, and finally, "The Phantoms," the name given to a distinguished group of Intelligence Officers. Before the war Hugh Williams acted in many plays in London and in New York. Among these were *While Parents Sleep*, *The Green Bay Tree*, *We at the Crossroads* and *Dear Octopus*. He also had principal parts in films both over here and in Hollywood. He married in 1940



Photographs by Charles Trigg
Hugh Williams has a game before bedtime with his son Simon, who has an exciting new toy to show his father. The Williams's also have an elder son, Hugo



Mrs. Hugh Williams is the Australian actress Margaret Vyner. Here she is arranging the flowers at their country home at Princes Risborough, Bucks



Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hore-Belisha arriving at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House



Lady Bocket and her son, the Hon. David Nall-Cain, were two other visitors in the large assembly on private view day



Viscountess Vaughan with Señorita Carmen Rodriguez, daughter of the Venezuelan Ambassador in London



Lady Meyer, wife of Sir Anthony Meyer, was there with her mother, Mrs. Charles Knight, whose husband is a prominent City figure

**At the Royal Academy
Private View**



Lady Sudeley, who is the widow of the sixth baron, is the daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley



Among a number of foreign visitors to the two classics were Mlle. Simon and M. Jean Castel, who came from France



Mrs. Peter Hastings in the paddock. Although the weather was far from ideal for spectators, the going was excellent



Mme. Pierre Corbiere, owner of Imprudence, who won the 1000 Guineas, finishing a neck ahead of Rose O'Lynn

Some of Those Who Went to



Major "Tiger" Harman and partner were with Miss Elizabeth Morris and Lt. Berry Neal at this very successful function



Lt.-Col. Heathcoat-Amory, D.S.O., who commands the Winchester depot, and Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory sitting out.

The "Green Jackets"—The Rifle Brigade and



Lt.-Col. Nigel Weatherell, late of the Seventh Hussars, one of the Stipendiary Stewards, outside the parade ring



Mrs. Geoffrey Bishop, a well-known rider to hounds in the Duke of Beaufort's country, and sister of Sir Gordon Ley



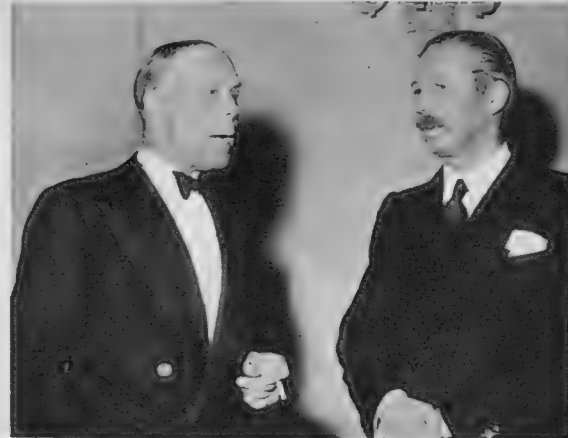
Capt. Jack Thursby, of the well-known racing family, and Lady Joan Philipps, sister of Earl Fitzwilliam



Walter Swift, Malden Lady Willoughby de Broke congratulating Mme. Joseph Lieux, whose husband trained Imprudence



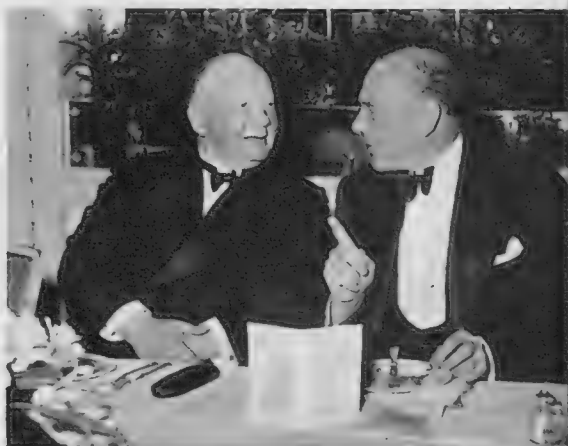
Rev. Canon Ross, Wallace (headmaster of Sherborne), the Earl of Dudley and Viscountess Leverhulme



Sir Louis Greig talking to Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P. This was the fourteenth dinner of the Association since 1927



Sir James Milne, Mr. James V. Rank, brother of Mr. J. Arthur Rank, and Sir Ernest Benn, the publisher



Viscount Portal, the chairman, who proposed "The Boys' Hostels Association," and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, M.P.

Newmarket to See "The Guineas"



Philipps, Southampton Mr. J. Hoskins, Miss Rose Grimstone, Miss Jean Walker, Capt. Anthony de Cussans, Miss Rose Eden, Miss Diana Kennedy, Capt. J. R. C. Radclyffe, Capt. John Harrison, Miss Jennifer Hill and Miss Olivia Fitzroy. The dance was held at Paulton's Hotel, near Romsey, Hants.

Boys' Hostels Association Dinner

the 60th Rifles—Hold a Dance Near Romsey



Lady Weeks, wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir Ronald Weeks, and Lord Claud Hamilton, younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn

H.H. Princess Marie Louise and Guests Who Attended the Dockland

Major B. T. Tinton, Marie Marchioness of Willington, who was president of the Ball committee, Sir Reginald Kenneth Cox, H.H. Princess Marie Louise and the Earl and Countess Beauchamp. Lady Beauchamp was chairman of the ball

LADY CONINGHAM, wife of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, received the guests at the recent cocktail party given by the hospitality committee of the Victoria League to overseas visitors at their headquarters in Cromwell Road. This was a happy and informal party with a really colonial flavour. I met visitors from Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Among the committee helping Lady Coningham at the party was the Duchess of Devonshire, looking nice in black, who was talking to the High Commissioner for Australia and Mrs. Beasley. The Duchess is chairman of the Victoria League. Also there were Sir John and Lady Duncanson, Lady Wilson, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Dawson and Miss Belinda Dawson.

Other guests were the acting High Commissioner for India and Mrs. Vellodi, Lord and Lady Addison, Brig. and Mrs. Hingston—the Brigadier is in the South African Army and over here at the Imperial Defence College—A/Cdre. Walters of the R.A.A.F., the Hon. Hilda Annesley, Sir Eric Machtig and Dr. Day, a surgeon from Sydney who is studying at one of our hospitals. He was chatting to Dr. Ritchie, another Australian, who was at the party with his very pretty wife. Brig. Parkinson, who comes from Wellington, New Zealand, and was accompanied by his wife, is head of the New Zealand Military Headquarters here. Another New Zealander I met at the party was Mr. Hugh Macdonald, who is over here from Christchurch studying engineering.

As her mother, Mrs. Kennedy, widow of the late Capt. Kennedy, who went down with his ship, the Rawalpindi, in the heroic action against German battleships, has been granted by H.M. the King an apartment at Hampton Court Palace, Miss Katherine Kennedy was married to Mr. Ion Calvocoressi in the Chapel Royal at Hampton Court Palace, with the reception in the Oak Room of the Palace.

The bride, who looked very attractive in a dress of white moiré and a long tulle veil and carrying a bouquet of deep-red roses, was given away by her brother, Mr. Ludovic Kennedy, and in the traditional way they went up the Queen's staircase in the Palace and along the haunted gallery to the upper entrance of the Chapel. Then they descended the wide staircase of the Chapel, at the foot of which they were met by the bridal attendants, two pages and seven bridesmaids, Michael Swain, Peter Hammond, Morar Kennedy, Yolanda Calvocoressi, Carola Harvey, Alexandra Stevenson, Christina Carey, Diana Grant and Gillian Gurney, and proceeded up the aisle. After the ceremony they were preceded by pipers of the Scots Guards, the bridegroom's old regiment, who played through Fountain Court to the Oak Room, and when the fine wedding-cake had been cut Sir Oliver Leese proposed the health of the young couple. The bridegroom was Sir Oliver's A.D.C. in Italy and India.

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL

Among those I saw at the reception were the bride's mother, looking charming in green, the Dowager Duchess of Grafton, Lady Leese, the Hon. Charles Stourton, Lady Meyer, Lady Grant, who also lives in Hampton Court Palace, her son Peter, Lady Boothby and her son, Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., Lady Dunally, Mrs. David Butter, whose husband was best man, the Hungarian Minister and Mme. de Bede, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, Mrs. Stopford, the late Capt. Kennedy's sister and her son Edward, Mrs. Charles Knight, Mr. Iain Moncrieffe and his wife, the Countess of Errol, Mrs. Henderson-Scott, and Lady Moncrieffe, accompanied by her son, Sir David Moncrieffe.

MANY people have been racing up north, and in spite of a quagmire to walk in and pouring rain on the first day, and a howling gale on the second, a big crowd attended the two-day National Hunt Meeting in the grounds of Scone Palace, Perth, recently. There was some excellent racing and everybody appeared to be taking the rough with the smooth. "Newmarket" and gum-boots were worn by most of the women and were really the only footwear that stood up to the conditions.

Among those I saw watching the horses in the paddock were the Earl and Countess Cadogan, over from Murthly, Sir Francis Grant of Monymusk, and the Earl and Countess of Mansfield with their son and elder daughter, Lady Mansfield wearing a tartan skirt, and tartan scarf round her head. Lady Margaret Drummond Hay, who came over from Seggieden, was even more colourful in a long tartan overcoat. Lady Cayzer was accompanied by her son, Sir James Cayzer, Lord Lovat came to see his horse Glengrigrig run, Major Broadhurst was there with his daughter Marigold, and Lady Lyell and Lady Munro, who were talking to the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, brought their children, Lord Lyell and Fiona Munro, who both thoroughly enjoyed the racing. Others there were Sir Herbert Ogilvy of Baldovan, Major and Mrs. Douglas Murray, Mrs. John Drummond of Megginch, Mr. Michael Lyle of Glendelvine, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burrell, Major and Mrs. Drummond Moray of Abercainey, the Hon. Mrs. Greville Baird, Mr. Norman Pattullo, Major

James Drummond Hay, Col. Vesey Holt, Major and Mrs. Stewart-Stevens and Mrs. Ramsay.

MISS SUSAN WARREN PEARL and her brother, Stuart Pearl, sent out amusing invitations for a cocktail party they gave jointly at the Dorchester. Their friends rose to the occasion and all replied most wittily, the cleverest response, I believe, coming from Sir Anthony Meyer, who spoke for himself and Lady Meyer in verse! There were so many guests that it seemed to me everyone must have accepted, and it proved to be a really grand party which went with a swing from the start. The hostess looked sweet in a white crêpe jumper and black skirt, with long black suede gloves.

Among the young guests I met in the very crowded room were Sir Harold and Lady Hood, Miss Cherry Henderson-Scott, Major Norman Fraser wearing a kilt, the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, Capt. David Jessel and his sister Eila, Miss Sonia Graham Hodson and her cousins, Anthea and Christopher Hodson, Mr. Tony Stubbings, Miss Margaret Ormerod, Mr. Philip Briant, Miss Joan Auten, looking very attractive in a nutria coat, Mr. John Cole and Mr. George Llewellyn. Among some of the American friends at the party were Dr. Baxter, Mr. Gilbert Kennedy, who is one of the oldest members of the U.S. colony in London, Miss Zoe Dagg and Col. Ashton Bournaffon.

THE Epsom Spring Meeting this year made history in racing. It is the first time that ladies have ever been admitted to the Members' Stand. Epsom has always been an uncomfortable and tiring meeting for women, for the paddock is a long way from the stands, and they could either watch the racing from a box, which usually entails a long climb up the stairs or a trip in a lift every time you want to go up or down, or a stall in the very crowded Grand Stand, where many women have watched with envy their male escorts strolling about in comfort in the spacious Members' Stand, which has always fondly been known as "The Cockpit."

Now each member is allowed one ladies' badge. I must say I entered this men's sanctuary with



Swabe



The bride, who is a sister of Lady Petre, and bridegroom toast each other at the reception. The ceremony took place at St. James's, Spanish Place

Settlements Ball at the Dorchester

The Marquess of Willingdon, whose mother was president of the ball committee, and the Marchioness of Willingdon

Major and Mrs. Richard Sharples were among the guests. The evening's programme included a cabaret given by Bud Flanagan and Jack Crosbie

the Marchioness of Cambridge with her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hastings, who were married recently in Liverpool Cathedral, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. and Mrs. John Hyslop, Major and Mrs. Tom Dearbergh, Lady Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, who I saw later at the first night of *Oklahoma!*, Brig. John Combe, Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, Sir Melville and Lady Ward, Major Tommy McDougal and Sir Geoffrey Church.

JOURNAL

me trepidation, but was soon made to feel very welcome by some of the older members, who said they were delighted to have us in their club stand. There was another innovation at this meeting, as the card on the second day included a "Bumper" race, the Thursby Amateur Riders' Handicap, which was won by Mr. J. Bartholomew on Mr. P. Bartholomew's Southwind. Everyone was delighted to see the Duchess of Norfolk win the City and Suburban with her nice chestnut colt Banco, and later to see her stepfather's horse Pennylee win the 10th race, thus completing a family tote double!

The next big race meeting was the Guineas meeting at Newmarket, when in spite of the element weather a big crowd turned up each day, especially on the Wednesday, when we saw Mr. John Dewar's unbeaten three-year-old Andor Minstrel win the Two Thousand Guineas with such ease. Mr. and Mrs. Dewar, the latter in a check suit with platinum foxes, were both there to see this victory. Others in the paddock before the big race watching the horses were the Gaekwar of Baroda, looking at his Sayajirao, who ran third in the race, Mrs. Evan Williams watching her Kingsclere, and the Aly Khan, whose wife's horse Saravan was second. A great lover of racing, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, wearing black as the Court is in mourning, was there with her son; both were delighted at the success of Royal Commission on the second day.

Others I saw during the meeting were Lord Valentia, the Earl of Rosebery, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the latter, one day, in her practical pale-blue mackintosh with a hood, Lord Hampden, Lady Stanley and her sister Lady de Trafford, both wearing short fur coats, the Earl of Westmorland, Mrs. Geoffrey Harbord in bright red, Major and Mrs. Cutlack with Lady Sudeley, who was staying with them for the meeting, Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, Lady Durham, looking attractive in black with a pink hat and Capt. Wickham-Boynton, who runs the Burton Agnes Stud and owns Burton Agnes Hall, one of the most lovely Elizabethan houses in England. Also there were Sir Richard Sykes, Lady Claud Hamilton, in dark blue with a pink hat, Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, the latter in a yellow suit with a brown hat,

THE long-awaited *'Oklahoma!* opened at Drury Lane with tremendous éclat. At the end the audience applauded so much that the cast gave three encores of the song "Oklahoma," which reminded me of the first night many years ago of that outstanding success *No, No, Nanette*, and I personally felt that this new show, with its all-American cast and setting, may have as great a success as *Nanette* did. Lady Sterling, who was in the stalls with Sir Louis, told me she thought this production was even better than when she had seen it in America. Bee Lillie, in a striking dress of red and white candy stripes, was chatting to Heather Thatcher, wearing her famous monocle and with red roses in her hair, and a lovely diamond necklace. Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid arrived with his attractive wife after the curtain had gone up. Mrs. Edward Compton was looking very smart in a beautiful black net dress, and Mr. Cochran, whose new show, *Bless the Bride*, had opened at the Adelphi a few nights previously, was sitting in the stalls.

THE Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng Tien-hsi held a reception at the Chinese Embassy in Portland Place the other day, to arrange the annual China Ball, which this year is to take place at the Hyde Park Hotel on June 10th. The Ambassador is president of the ball this year, with his wife and Lady Cripps as joint-chairmen. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps are coming to the ball, which is in aid of the British Aid to China Fund, and among those who have promised to take parties to the ball are H.E. the French Ambassador, whose lovely wife, Mme. Massigli, is back in London after her long illness this winter, H.E. the Netherlands Ambassador and H.E. the Belgian Ambassador.

The Ambassador's charming daughter, Miss Cheng Ying Wan, who speaks English nearly as well as her father, was helping her parents entertain the guests, but their son, Mr. Bin Cheng, who is so keen on amateur theatricals and helped with the production of several Chinese plays last winter, was not present as he is working hard for the exams. he is taking this year. Among those who came to this informal reception at the Embassy were Mrs. Attlee and her daughter Felicity, who has promised to sell programmes at the ball, Viscountess Jowitt, Air-Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ming-Tong Lai, the Countess of Middleton, Mrs. McIndoe, Lady Soskice, the Hon. Mrs. Orpen, and Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Kitson.



Mrs. Hamilton, mother of the bride, and the bridegroom's father, Mr. Michalski



Lord and Lady Petre, sister and brother-in-law of the bride. Lord Petre is the seventeenth baron



The bridal attendants were Anna Michalski, the Hon. John Petre, Lord Petre's son and heir, and Georgiana Piff

Wedding of F./Lt. S. D. Michalski and Miss Rosemary Hamilton



Lord Louis, the winner, first over the water-jump in the Crieff Novices Steeplechase. The meeting, the first held by the Hunt since the autumn of 1938, was held on the Scone Palace racecourse near Perth

The Perth Hunt Meeting at Scone



Miss Bower, Miss Margaret Buchanan, Mr. Buchanan of Gask and Miss Jean Buchanan were among the spectators.



Miss Josephine Gordon-Cummings, Capt. Iain Moncrieffe and his wife, the Countess of Erroll, walking to a vantage-point



Capt. David Wemyss, his wife Lady Jean Wemyss, and Col. Cumming-Bruce



Mrs. Gibbons, Capt. Cooper and the Hon. Mrs. Greville Baird, a relative of Viscount Stonehaven



Major Michael Nairn, the Hunt president, who was elected in 1939, and Mrs. Nairn



Mr. J. Cousins on Gyppo, with which he won the Monteith Handicap



Lady Munro, wife of Sir Torquil Munro, with her daughter Fiona



The Countess of Mansfield with her children, Viscount Stormont and Lady Malvina Murray

CHURCH AND STATE AT



Mr. Attlee and the Hon. Lewis Douglas, U.S. Ambassador. The dinner was given for Mr. Douglas



Among the 400 guests were Sir John Anderson and Viscount Portal of Hungerford



Lord Fairhaven and the Earl of Listowel, Secretary of State for India. The dinner was held at the Savoy



Mr. George Isaacs, the Minister of Labour, discusses the menu with Sir Harry Brittain

THE PILGRIMS' DINNER



Viscount Addison, Lord Greenwood, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prime Minister



Viscount Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor, who presided, making his speech



Mr. R. S. Hudson, M.P., wartime Minister of Agriculture, and Mr. Tom Williams, present Minister



Tasker, Press Illustrations
Sir Andrew Duncan, the famous industrialist, and Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade



During the evening Lt.-Col. Sir George Meyrick, the Master, made an appeal for the farmers' flood fund. Here some of the guests are seen listening to him

The New Forest Hunt Ball



The Hon. Mary Douglas-Scott-Montagu, who is the youngest sister of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and Mr. Colin Townsend-Rose



Lt.-Cdr. W. F. G. North, the Hon. Mrs. North and Major P. P. Curtis, hon. sec. of the New Forest Hunt



Mrs. Otho Paget, Major J. D. Mills and Lady Meyrick, wife of the Master, Sir George Meyrick

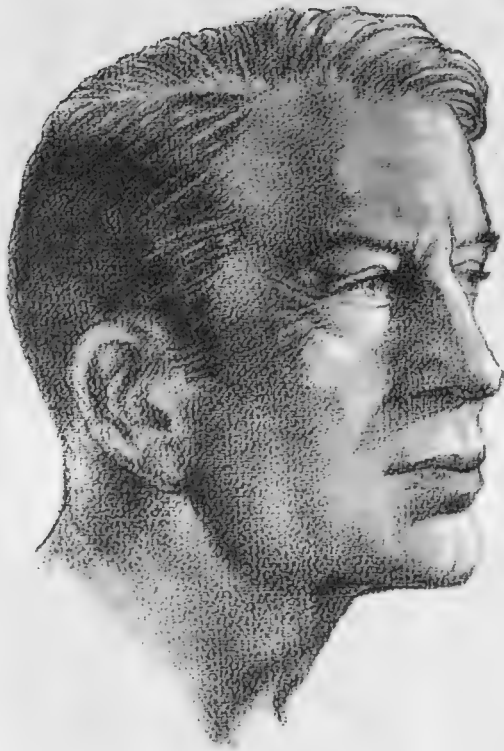


Miss C. Curtis, Miss P. Hunt, Mrs. Otho Paget, Mrs. P. P. Curtis, Col. Crosthwaite Eyre, M.P., Miss Amy Ferguson, Miss A. Austin and Major P. P. Curtis



Swabe
Capt. Lord Teynham, of Lymington, commander of the Minesweeping Flotilla at Portsmouth, and Lady Teynham

Self-Profile



Clive Brook

by

Youngman Carter, who drew this sketch of Clive Brook, says: "Brook, who has the rare gift of being able to keep a pose without letting his expression get heavy, is an admirable model. Like most people, the two sides of his face differ, and he has a nicely humorous appreciation of this. 'In Hollywood,' he says, 'they always used my left profile to make me look younger. You'd better draw my right one—it's got more character, more humanity. I'm sick of playing the Rock of Gibraltar: I've done it for too long.' There is plenty of character there, lines of genuine humour round the eyes, individual wrinkles which come from genuine laughter, as opposed to the 'grimace lines' which are often written across actors' faces. And a chin that is classic. 'There's a line under that too,' he said. 'I noticed it this morning whilst I was shaving. Put it in.'"

SOME years ago in America I went with some friends to a séance. The medium, a mild little man, seated us in a half-circle around him. He told us he had every hope that his familiar spirit, a Red Indian named Big Chief Black Feather, would be with us that evening. The lights were dimmed, the medium lay back in his chair. We waited. And we waited. And waited. Big Chief Black Feather seemed to have another date. But just as we reached for our hats, the medium began to twitch. We put back our hats and sighed with relief. Big Chief looked like he was going to pay off after all. And he sure did.

Once having started, the medium soon managed a jolly decent trance and Big Chief's guttural notes came from his lips. Big Chief dealt with us all meticulously in turn: from right to left. Judging by the sharp cries of surprise from the ladies and the approving snorts from the men, it was evident that Big Chief was wielding his tomahawk with good effect and making some very satisfied customers.

And then he came to me. Big Chief grunted. He rested a bit and grunted again. Then a look of agony came to the face of the medium and flecks of froth appeared at the side of his mouth. Finally, his body was shaken by a spasm that lifted him half out of the chair. He groaned and fell back, drooling, exhausted. "Big Chief try, but too . . . many . . . blankets," he moaned. Interpreting from the Red Indian, this meant that I had too much reserve for him to penetrate: in other words, I didn't come clean. Or, in still other words, I was darned difficult to interview.

THE movie Press in Hollywood had had a sad experience of me in this way; but one day a star journalist said she was determined to tackle me. I told her the above incident, but it did not daunt her. "I'll call the interview 'Too Many Blankets,'" she said. For two mornings we sat under the palm-trees in my garden and she plied and plied. I sweated and sweated in my blankets and tried to discard them. After listening for hours with infinite patience, she said she thought I had succeeded and left me.

Two days afterwards she rang up and told me she had written the interview and then torn it up, since it could never possibly be published. I asked why. She replied, "You didn't make yourself out very nice, you know. I'm just off to New York: good-bye and good luck." Next time I go to America I hope I shall meet her again. I want to give her some flowers—nice ones.

So if this profile seems to be a silhouette of something wrapped in a blanket, you will understand and forgive.

My difficulty is that I am possibly suffering from a delusion that I am a completely straightforward person. I am asked a question and give what I think to be a completely honest answer, flat, naïve and childlike in its simplicity. Everybody then begins nudging each other as much as to say, "What's he mean by that? Ah-ha, that's pretty good, the cynical old so-and-so." Of course, at my great age I am getting resigned to it; but I am liable to become a trifle tetchy if tried too far.

Do you mind if we change the subject from me for a moment? Talking exclusively of yourself seems such calculated egotism, only to be justified by paying a psycho-analyst to listen.

I AM having a lot of fun at the moment in returning to the stage—my second play after twenty years on the screen. So many ask me which is the more difficult, that it may be worth recording my opinion that good acting is good acting in either medium. It is possible for the unequipped and inexperienced to get away with a performance on the screen quite out of the question on the stage. Witness the elephant in *Elephant Boy*: he'd never hold the stage at the Criterion. Nor would the stage hold him! But there is nothing to choose, I think, in the first-class experienced actor or actress. If anything, screen-acting has to be more controlled and therefore may be the more difficult. This does not mean, however, that some actors are not more fitted for one medium than the other. Defects, vocal and physical, which can be overcome on the screen may prove insuperable on the stage. On the other hand, the latter deals more kindly with facial ill-balance.

Then again some stage actors or actresses coming to the films will ask how they can be expected to jump into the middle of an emotional scene at nine o'clock in the morning and with no approach. But the great film-actress must have sufficient control and disregard of outward stimuli to enable her to do this. And the good-ones have, believe me.

Yes, I like movie acting, except for one thing, and that is that the artiste is always dominated by the machine. And don't let anyone tell you different. I have much to thank the movies for. I suppose if I passed out to-morrow, I might be remembered for a few months as the fellow who played in *Cavalcade*. I was no better or worse in this than in other films; but it is a picture that people all over the world

seem never to forget. Ambitious young actors please note that I had only forty-three lines to speak; so never judge a part by its length!

AND now I am afraid you will expect me to talk about myself again. Goody, goody! What are my pet dislikes? First, dull people. Second, dull people. Third, dull people. Sometimes I dislike myself on all three counts. I'm beginning to dislike this profile. I like going to first-nights at the theatre; but loathe going round to the actors afterwards—except to Ronald Squire. He is the only actor I know who really lights up when you tell him he's got a good and proper flop. His last play seemed to me to promise so well, I simply couldn't go round to see him. And then I dislike spurious highbrows, who look down on expert craftsmen in humbler vehicles. To play in Tchegov does not make a good actor. But Irving was great in *The Bells* . . .

I keep getting away from myself. I like modern music, good French movies and Raimu in bad ones, if any. I like *No Orchids* for Miss Blandish and Jean-Paul Sartre. Also Max Beerbohm and G. H. Chesterton. Also, the humility I find in great people. Drinking beer makes me impatient. I like good claret better than champagne and burgundy better than both. My favourite American movie actor is Groucho Marx and my favourite French actress Arletty. I like cigars, silk and scent and the smell of newly-turned earth. I can't eat in a room with dead air. I'm 5 ft. 11 ins., I like my cheese before my sweets, I weigh 158 lbs., I'm maddening.

I also like directing plays. I've directed one. But I'm told that when I work with people I eat them up and give myself indigestion. And I like making plans, big ones, with no thought of carrying them out. I get all the pleasure with no chance of failure.

FOR eleven years I lived in America. I loved it and I love Americans. And so would anyone who lived there as long as that. To me, this seems to be the whole trouble with the world. But I'm incredibly sentimental and kindness in human beings always gets me. For many of the English, America is both made and destroyed by its multifarious publicities. But in eleven years you get to know it without publicity's misguidance.

Well, you can't expect more than one blanket to be lifted in 1200 words, can you? Or do you think, like the little Chinese boxes, there is nothing but boxes—or blankets? Blankets are shapeless things, anyway.



Mr. L. St. John Clowes, the Playwright and Film Producer, Married at Marylebone

Mr. and Mrs. Clowes after the wedding.
Mrs. Clowes was Miss Grace Louisa Powell,
of Hampstead



Mr. J. G. Minter and Miss
Betty Box, the film producer,
at the reception



Mrs. George Minter, Mr. S. T. Linnit and
Miss Margery Vosper were three more of
the guests

Priscilla of Paris A Night to Remember

IN this ever-moving world of changes—usually unpleasant—and the present universal feeling of insecurity, there is one thrill that never fails to set my heart beating, and that is when, at a London theatre, the orchestra strikes up "God Save the King." Even the white cliffs of Dover fail to stir me so deeply. This, perhaps, is because I am usually wrestling with the passport authorities as the cross-Channel steamer nears port, and wondering where on earth I have put my landing-ticket.

People tell me that good manners have deteriorated in England. Compared with what we have to put up with in France, I find them, having just returned from a week-end in London, still remarkably courtly. An elderly friend of mine who is a bad sailor had a groggy spell as she was walking to the train at Dover. A policeman went on one knee, making a seat for her with the other, so that she could rest. I fear that a Paris *sergent-de-ville* would have shrugged his shoulders and looked the other way. And there was, too, the silent politeness of the porters and their polite "Thank you, Madame," after the noisy muddle and grumpy grunts of the *porteurs* at the Gare du Nord. It is true that I was travelling by the Golden Arrow, which means comfort and courtesy at every step.

Among my fellow-travellers were Mrs. A. J. Hugh Smith, who looked very smart in a bottle-green coat and hat worn with a leopard-skin cat; Mme. de Ribes, in blue and the most lovely *boutonnière* of orchids; Mme. René Lamazeuilh, the French lady golf champion, and Miss Aimée Halford, in brown. There were also several French journalists making the trip in order to be present at the first night of *Bless the Bride*, and to give our own charming Georges Guétary a big hand. I expected him to be good, but I hardly expected him to have mastered the English language so well. When last I saw him in Paris his English was merely of the "veek-end," "visky-soda," "ow much?" order, but now he really speaks as well as Charles Bover, and without an American accent. No

wonder our one and only C. B. Cochran gave him a very big managerial pat on the back when he made his delightful little speech at the end of the show.

THIS was my first London first-night for many years, and I enjoyed it from the initial moment of the head-to-tail procession of cars crawling along the Strand to the Adelphi, to the taxi speeding back through empty streets from supper at the Savoy. It was a wonderful evening. There was the joy of seeing a lavish and lovely production, pictured and coloured like a dainty Valentine, seeing and hearing Guétary and Lizbeth Webb make good, admiring Betty Paul's excellent French, smiling over Sir A. P. Herbert's sly digs at the French and his quite massive thrusts at the travelling English, revelling in Vivian Ellis's enchanting score, and delighting in Tanya Moiseiwitsch's costumes and scenery.

I saw many familiar faces "in the house" that I usually see only on the stage or screen, and I found myself seated next to Miss Constance Collier, who was the dream-girl of my youth. The young generation that only know her for the clever, amusing and witty actress she is, can have their Garbos and their Hayworths, but these lovely ladies would have had to take a very back seat when Connie Collier was the toast of the town and played lead for Mr. (then) Beerbohm Tree.

Shall I ever forget her in a certain apricot velvet evening frock, in *The Eternal City*, at His Majesty's? She has written one of the best theatrical biographies I have ever read, *Harlequinade*, and since it is probably out of print, I suggest that it would be wise to bring it out in cheap, popular form before the heralded sequel—to be called *Transformation Scene*—appears in the autumn.

At the Savoy I greeted and congratulated Guétary, listened to many good stories by Cochran and Herbert, found my hand being

kissed in truly Gallic manner by my Parisian confrères, met clever Miss Wendy Toye, who directed the show, and hugged Evelyn Cochran, who always looks so charming with her soft white curls and blue eyes. I also admired the lovely, gay frocks, and regretted that so many ladies, as in Paris, uncover so much that would be better covered, and wondered where the men get their white waistcoats and ties so beautifully laundered in this soapless world. I discovered that ginger-ale and Auntie's Ruin is a divine and corpse-reviving mixture, and admired Cicely Courtneidge's high-necked, blue-sequined frock and pretty *cendré* hair, and, as I think I have said before, loved every moment of it all.

People say to me: "How lucky you are to live in Paris!" I reply: "Yes . . . when I can come to London often enough." And again I repeat a remark that I have often made, and that dates from my nursery days: "It is always the *gâteau* on the farther side of the plate that seems the most delectable."

Voilà!

● When Tristan Bernard, the French humorist and grand old man of letters, was a prisoner at Drancy during Occupation, he fell ill and was taken to the infirmary. During the night another prisoner in the ward died. Early next morning the gang came up from the morgue to collect the body. By error they came to Tristan's bed, where he was sleeping peacefully. When he was touched he woke and sat up with a start. The men fled, horrified, strange though it may seem. At the door they turned and looked back. Tristan grinned at them amiably: "Fooled you again!" he said





"I give this heavy weight from off my head . . ." Richard II (Alec Guinness) hands his crown to the ambitious Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster (Harry Andrews), in the deposition scene in Westminster Hall. In its latest production at the New Theatre the Old Vic worthily upholds its fine Shakespearean tradition

THE OLD VIC'S STIRRING "RICHARD II"



Northumberland (Nicholas Hannen), Bolingbroke's faithful jackal, conveys to the deposed King Richard the news that he is to be parted from the Queen



At Ely House, John of Gaunt (Sir Ralph Richardson) upbraids for his follies, which are wasting the substance of the country



Leighton as Richard's Queen, who brings to the monarch's plight a pathos and resigned contemplation which Richard finds almost unbearable



King Richard (Alec Guinness) at Coventry greets Bolingbroke (Harry Andrews) before his joust with Mowbray, while Bolingbroke's father, John of Gaunt, looks on apprehensively



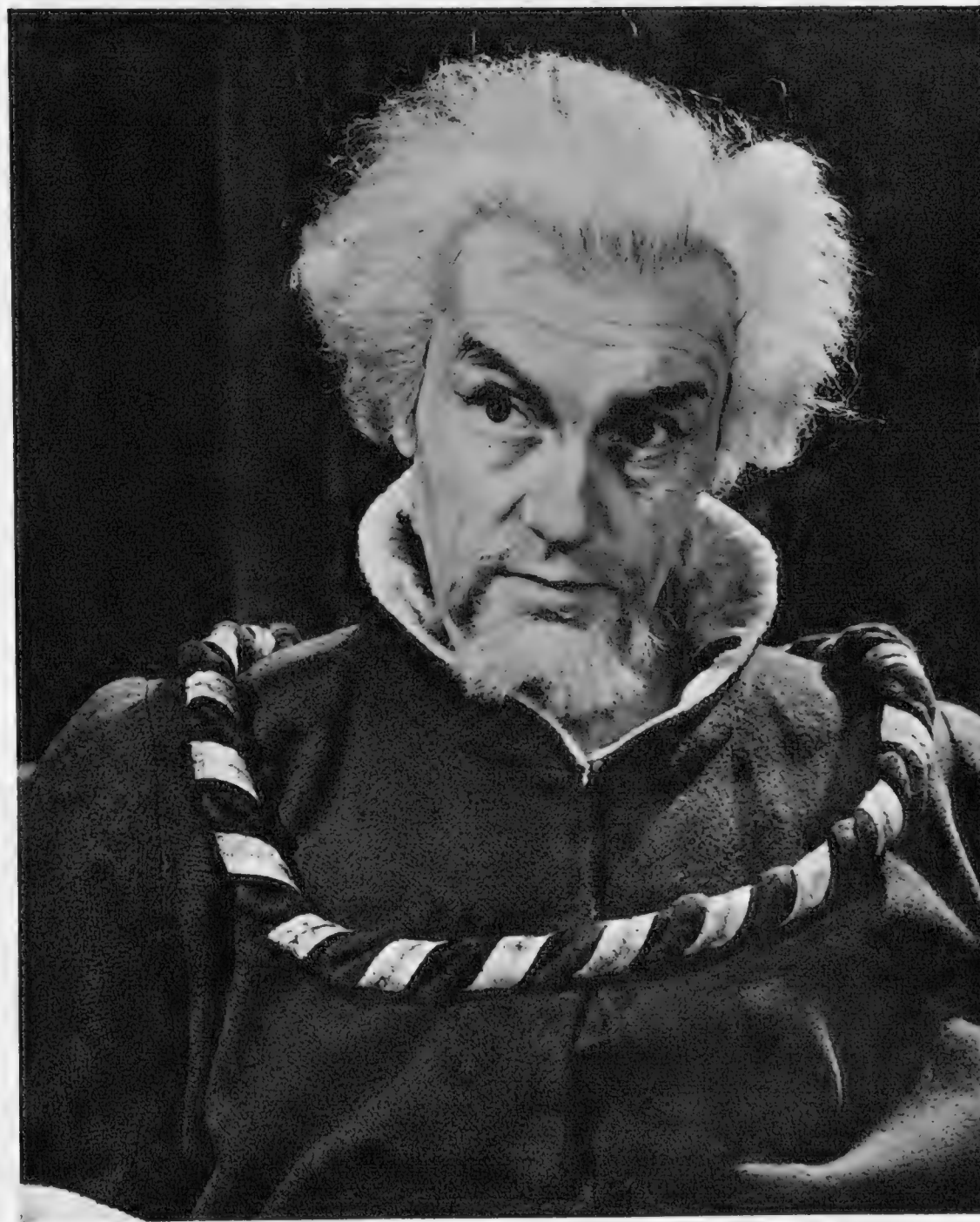
The King (Alec Guinness) says farewell to his Queen (Margaret Leighton), she to go to a French convent, he to his death at the hands of Exton at Pontefract



Duchess of Gloucester (Rosalind Atkinson) leaves her brother-in-law, John of Gaunt, to go to the tournament at Coventry



youthful King (Alec Guinness) Richard replies contemptuously



Sir Ralph Richardson as John of Gaunt not only gives a fine performance, but also achieves a master-piece of stage make-up as the feeble, yet still spirited, nobleman whose dearest aspiration is his country's good

Photographs by John Vickers

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing

By ...

LIKE the fifteen false Dauphins of France (1815-30), that citizen who rang up Scotland Yard recently and announced that he was Mr. Attlee didn't get away with it. You can't fool the keenest detective brains in Europe, or at least you can't fool them for twopence.

This pretender could have given everybody a pleasurable thrill by carrying his claim on a bit longer. The last historic British case of the kind was the Tichborne Claimant, who got a big Press and whose trial caused your grandfather to gnaw his handpainted breakfast moustache-cup with emotion. Any pretender to the Premiership would naturally require more specialised gifts than Mr. Orton—for example, the gift of not knowing what's going on upstairs, the gift of repeating "Yes" at Cabinet meetings, the gift of "touching" scrofulous citizens for the King's Evil, and so forth. The "touch" is the real test. If you look up a Book of Common Prayer of the time of Queen Anne, who last practised it publicly, you'll find the rite set forth. Under George I this gift was transferred henceforth by Act of Parliament to Prime Ministers, most of whom are too modest to exercise it nowadays except on permanent officials.

Afterthought

ONLY once, in the 1870's, has any awkwardness been reported. This occurred when Disraeli, passing through the City, "touched" a Big Business man reported scrofulous but actually suffering from Contango Day heat-rash. "My mistake," said Disraeli laughingly. The City boy, eventually laughing in turn, attempted to "touch" Disraeli for a "monkey"—five hundred nicker—but was foiled by suave Oriental subtlety.

Floral

ASKING in one of the weeklies why the art boys stagger along painting the same old nudes, though Velasquez cleaned up the nude question long ago, a peevish connoisseur will get no reply worth mention. From Chelsea we learn that the art boys are sick of nudes, but rich, erotic Bond Street dealers drive them.

The nude market is crowded. Not so the flower market, infinitely more interesting, beautiful, and—if you can keep the dealers out



—innocent. A secondhand bookseller recently offered us twenty-eight of Thornton's flower-plates (1807) for only £280. They included *The Universal Power of Love*, showing that Thornton had a Bond Street dealer at his elbow too, poor devil. You can see this tyrant flipping through Thornton's latest portfolio with a large, testy, well-manicured, Havana-stained finger.

"What's this?"

"The Night-Flowering Cereus."

"Boy, it stinks."

(Here the dealer is grotesquely wrong, since this plate sells today at a high figure.)

"Flowers, flowers, flowers! Ah! Psui! Know what the art public's interested in?"

(Thornton, about to say "A damn good juicy Bond Street murder, old boy," checks himself in time.)

"No, I don't."

"Love."

"How revolting."

"Love! Listen, boy—"

What a Bond Street art dealer calls "love" is not everybody's tea. However, Thornton had to toe the line, as we observe. It's a fine plate, and so is its companion-piece, *Cupid Inspiring the Plants with Love*, which her youthful Majesty (1837) thought "un-English," though you can see it any day at Kew.

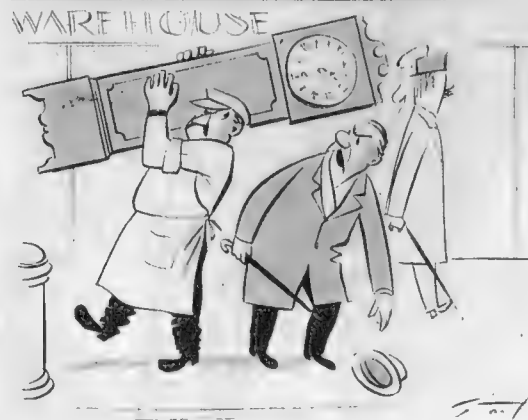
Tonic

IT was Whimper Week with the heirs of Drake recently, we observed from our favourite paper (which, like the Squire's erring daughter's child, shall be nameless).

Taxpayers whimpering about unofficial strikes; hairy and passionate Welch trawlermen whimpering about Spanish trawling technique; toss-pots whimpering about the shortage of bitter in London pubs; ex-Desert Rats whimpering about Egyptian fickleness; Suffolk chicken-farmers whimpering about foxes—it was just like that "flute-voice of infinite wail" Dante heard in Hell.

One could wish for a better attitude towards Life's troubles. E.g.:

SIR,—Dutch Air Line passengers to Egypt have been warned to avoid wearing khaki, because the Egyptians may take them for members of the Allied forces. What loathsome ingratitude, and which of us is free from it? (Not you.) Yours, etc.



"Why can't you carry a wrist-watch, like other people?"

SIR,—Those awful Spanish trawlers are mopping up everything, and it will occur to every honest trawlerman that if he had the chance he would do the same. How can anyone in the fish-racket contemplate himself without shame and remorse? (You, too.) Yours, etc.

The cure for unmanly whimpering is the cultivation of Humility, and we never tire of pointing this out at company-meetings and publishers' cocktail-parties, and in the presence of scientists and chorus-girls, who especially suffer from insane vanity and spiritual pride. Before long we hope to run through the City nude, with a burning brazier on our head, crying this message aloud like Solomon Eagle during the Plague. It all depends on the Press and newsreel-boys, whose terms so far are beneath contempt.

Idea

IN behalf of theatre-critics who keep chattering plaintively about "weak and confusing characterisation" in new plays, we suggest that authors should make a resolute return to the sound Restoration and 18th-century method of labelling each stage-character with a name conveying his (her) function, once for all.

From one glance at the playbill anyone could perceive the evening's task of (say) Lord Rakish. Sneaker, Guzzle, Frank Heartfree, Lucy Languor, and Mrs. Trull. Apart from which the author often helped drunk or tired critics along by bringing on all his rakes, pimps, bawds, and other jovial orgiastic characters first, getting the initial brawl over before starting the serious business of the evening. Thus:

Act I. Scene, the Turk's Head Bagnio.

(Enter Mrs. Flounce, Mrs. Ogle, Mrs. Wagtail, Mrs. Frolick, and Mrs. Trull, with Lord Rakish, Mr. Sparkler, Sir Simon Moonshine, Sneaker, Guzzle, and Slop, all drunk.)

LORD RAK: Stap my Guts, a Bovy of Trollops! Wine, there! (etc.)

Jam

NO critic need ever leave the bar for this scene, which was traditional. Even in the masked scene at Vauxhall, where everybody runs off with the wrong person in the dark and cuckolds are four a penny, the critics knew the form beforehand and couldn't go wrong, being aware that no author would ever slip a fast one across them by—for example—turning rollicking Mrs. Midnight (a Bawd) into the long-lost heiress of Sir John Worthy. In fact, pure jam for the critics, who had only to pop in and out for a programme. That's probably what they want nowadays, like everybody else: maximum pay and the minimum of work. Faugh!

Tip

CONSIDERING how swiftly and silently we could creep up behind you any night and strangle you with a bit of piano-wire—*couic!*!—as easily as plucking a daisy, thanks to our Home Guard training, we realise how glad some of the advanced crime-boys must be of their battle-training technique; also acquired at the taxpayer's expense, as a bitter citizen was recently complaining.



"Miss Bakie, you're squinting again"

Not usually does a benefactor go round beefing about a protégé on whom he has lavished an expensive education, and who has emerged highly qualified and a slave to his art. Yet citizens robbed, sandbagged, knifed or shot with exquisite speed and efficiency keep howling with indignation almost daily. The Scotland Yard boys have no suggestions to offer, a chap in close touch tells us. Nevertheless they have only to reflect. If they know you well enough they ask you to tea (this chap says) and show you their album, a survival of the wellknown Victorian custom. "Albertina, have you shown Mrs. Sibthorpe our family album?" a wary hostess would cry. A panorama of markedly cunning and even criminal features, some fringed with unbelievable capillary-motifs and some in tall or floriferous hats leaning against pillars, crowned by a potted palm, then entranced the visitor and banished all emotions save pure delight.

This chap thinks that if the Yard boys asked more taxpayers to tea and showed them their albums (? alba) it would similarly take the minds of the citizenry off their own sufferings. It's an idea.

Tonic

FROM a long and dreary evening-paper wrangle over the devilishness of certain London busmen—a very small minority, as everybody knows—peeps the fact that some of the bourgeoisie still expect politeness as a right and don't know there's a Class-War on. One of them even took a mildly feudal view, reminding us inevitably of the story of Tree and the cabman, which you may or may not know (as if we cared).

Emerging majestically one day from His Majesty's Theatre, Tree signalled to a passing cabman and said, waving a hand: "Home!" "Where's that, sir?" asked the cabman, slightly puzzled.

"Do you think," said Tree, raising outraged eyebrows and stepping in, "I'm going to tell a low fellow like you where my beautiful, beautiful home is?"

One of his attendant satellites probably listened to clear this up, and we may judge from the incident how immeasurable the gulf is a generation ago between toffs—even play-luffs—and cabmen, waiters, porters, busmen, journalists, and such-like.

Footnote

CERTAIN asperity lingers in some quarters still, maybe, owing to this. The bourgeoisie must be patient, and practise humility. Not their throats that will be cut first if the grades manage to introduce the Grand Soir, the scraggy white detestable throats (as a sky thinker once assured us in a low bar on the Boulevard Sébastopol) of the Party's intelligentsia. That's worth remembering, eh?

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



A "BRUDLE" deceiving a shy "YOFE."



Herbert Paul

The Red Mill, with music by Dublin-born Victor Herbert, which went to the Palace Theatre on May 1st, has those inimitable comedians, Ben Warris, Billy Danvers and Jimmy Jewell, seen here, in the principal comedy parts. The operetta has a Dutch setting and a charming score, and Maudie Edwards, the radio favourite, has a leading part in the show. This is the second Victor Herbert operetta to be running in London at the present time, for *Romany Love* at His Majesty's also has its musical score by that engaging composer

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A MISSIONARY had fallen into the hands of cannibals and preparations for luncheon seemed to be taking an ominous turn. But he was not without resource.

"If you're going to eat me," he announced, "I must warn you that you won't like me."

With this he took out his pocket-knife, sliced a piece from the calf of his leg and handed it to the chief. "Try it, and see for yourself," he urged. The chief took one bite, grunted and spat it out.

The missionary remained on the island for fifty years. He had a cork leg.

AT the close of a talk on King Hezekiah, a New York clergyman asked if there were any questions.

A lady rose: "I've never been clear," she said, "how old Hezekiah was."

The clergyman hesitated, then said: "Well, when? Hezekiah was different ages at different times, you know."

"Oh," said the lady, "I never thought of that," and contentedly sat down.

A DRUNK ambled into a bar and bet the barman that he could tell the ingredients in any drink the barman cared to mix. The barman stooped behind the bar and emptied into one glass the remains of several drinks, a Martini, a Scotch and soda, brandy, a rum punch, etc. The drunk sipped the drink, and, one after the other, correctly named the contents. He offered to do it again, and this time the barman filled a glass with water.

The drunk tasted it, thought reflectively, tasted it again and then announced: "I don't know what it is, but it went well!"

THE very dumb starlet was browsing around a Hollywood antique shop. She saw an ornate bed that struck her fancy immediately.

"What a charmingly quaint bed!" she gushed. The salesman nodded reverently.

"This bed has an amazing historical background," he said softly. "In this very bed, my dear young lady, slept King Louis XIV., King Louis XV. and King Louis XVI."

The starlet raised what was left of her eyebrows. "Ain't that odd?" she chirped. "You'd think that such big shots could afford to sleep in a bed each!"

TWO Englishmen met at the Waldorf for tea. The first one suddenly remembered something.

"Oh, I say," he cried, "I have news for you. Really big news, you know. It's about Sally Whosis—you remember, her father had that store on Whatsit Lane. Well, she's getting married to Bob Whatchamacallit—you remember, his father had that shop just across from old man Whosis."

The second Englishman nodded vigorously. "Yes, indeed," he replied. "I heard about it the other day. But this is the first time I've heard all the details."

A THRIFTY man went to a lawyer for advice. After the interview he ran into an acquaintance and told him about it.

"But why spend money on a lawyer?" asked the other. "When you sat in his office, did you see all the law books there? Well, what he told you, you could read in those books."

"You're right," admitted the advice-seeker, "but that lawyer—he knows what page it's on."

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Sabretache

THE Epsom Spring (by courtesy!) Meeting produced no evidence of any value on the one problem which occupies most minds to the exclusion of all others, the Derby. It may have told us quite definitely that neither Combat nor Sayajirao is likely to trouble the judge, and that the former's victory in heavy going, a full gale and rain, giving 10 lbs. to the Gaekwar's handsome, and very expensive, colt, was some kind of a buttress to Mr. Jack Dewar's first-string, Tudor Minstrel; but beyond that, what? If the Blue Riband Trial Stakes had said that Sayajirao had anything better than a 50 to 1 chance in the Derby, that might have provided a little firm ground in this shaking morass; but it did nothing of the sort.

The only pleasant features about this drowned-rat entertainment were the victories of two ladies in the principal events, Mrs. Chisenhale-Marsh winning the meandering Metropolitan with gallant Star Song—a fine battle—and the Duchess of Norfolk the City and Suburban with Banco, who is little more than a pony. Her Grace, like the Steward of the Jockey Club, is so enthusiastic, knows so much about it, and rides so well that her success was more than ordinarily welcome.

The Guineas Winner

AND now the Guineas winner, Tudor Minstrel, will demand that we consider the Derby all over bar the customary shouting. That is the way of things, but in cold fact it is a *non sequitur*. Last year was not the only one that should give us pause. Sir William Cooke's Happy Knight ran away with the Two Thousand, and his price for the Derby promptly contracted from something like 50 to 1 to 4 to 1. Epsom signally defeated him. In recent years only Bahram and Blue Peter have rewarded their followers by the major victory.

A forceful operator has recently laid an even £10,000 that Blue Train beats Tudor Minstrel in the Derby; £9000 to £1000 against Tudor Minstrel winning the Derby; and he also laid another £9000 to £2000 against Tudor Minstrel winning the Derby even if he won the Guineas. Obviously he does not like Tudor Minstrel, and also believes in the jinx theory about Gordon Richards and that Epsom 1½ mile. Not being able to write things down with a golden pen like this valorous man, I say that before making up our minds we had better keep Petition and Tite Street on our side.

"The Forty Thieves"

EVERYONE (with the exception of the enemy) who has ever come in contact with that fine old fighting regiment, the 40th Pathans, will regret its disbandment as much as does

Lt.-Col. A. C. P. Cochran. It was embodied in 1858, and has a glorious active service record in many parts of the world, not least in the region in which it was raised. And now the only unit bearing the word "Pathan" in its title disappears under the relentless and tradition-destroying roller of "Reorganisation." This soulless image-breaker sets no value upon ancient prestige and prefers to grind it into dust.

I observe that Col. Cochran states that on that Tibet Expedition of 1903-04, the 40th Pathans "fought up to 19,000 ft." I was there, and had the honour to be a guest member of "The Forty Thieves'" mess, and lived with them from the advance from that forlorn and dirty place Phari Jong until nearly the end, and I always understood that the highest point we touched after the storming of Gyantse—a regular Gibraltar of a place—was 17,000 ft. That is what they told us at the time, but on that show a few thousand feet more or less did not seem to count for much. After the crossing of those shark-toothed passes, the Siboo-La, the Gnathu-La and, earlier, Jelap, which later broke down, it was all as flat as a billiard-table, bar the prodigious excrescences, such as, for instance, 24,000-ft. Chumalarhi.

Colonel Cochran's letter in *The Times* brings back to me memories of "Pip" Burne, who commanded the column at the time I caught up with it, Colonel Campbell, who came up a bit later, those cheery lads Moody and Dalmahoy; and a host of other good chaps, including the Subadar-Major, who was an Orakzai, and a great friend of mine! By comparison with some other units we lived well, for the 40th provided a part of the M.I., our "cavalry screen." Frozen yak was amongst the dainties in our menu. The S. and T. rum was villainous, strongly flavoured with kerosene oil, and the bread quite often green; but what an experience, and what an adventure it all was—and that put paid to all.

The Cardinal, a Horse Thief

TURN to *Henry VIII.*, Act 2, Scene 2, and you will find The Poet of All Time telling us that he was. It is a fact never mentioned at those birthday celebrations at Stratford, so perhaps in these days when the thirst for knowledge is unquenchable, and intelligence is so high, some people may like this reference for their scrapbooks. The Lord Chamberlain (according to Shakespeare) received the following letter from some person undesignated:

My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden and furnished. They were young and handsome and of the best blood in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord Cardinal's by commission and main power took 'em from me with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the King, which stopped our mouths, Sir.

These animals were bound for the Royal Stables and Wolsey intercepted them! A pretty glaring case, if Shakespeare's facts are correct. It was then, and continued so to be for many years afterwards, an offence which procured an interview with the headsman or the hangman. The Cardinal, according to the historians, was above the average as a horseman, and by no means confined himself to mules or the "ambling pad," which were the favourite conveyances of eminent Prelates, and even of the minor Canons.

If Shakespeare's allegation was not founded in fact it was pretty audacious of him, for round about this time he had only just managed to elude the penalty for deer-poaching in Charlecote Park, Warwickshire. They will show you "Shakespeare's stile," the one by which he entered the Lucy domain—the top bars of a post and rail fence slide down on a hinge and allow you to step over. The Poet managed to get away to the Cotswold Hills. Tourists are never shown the shepherd's hut in which he lay low until the trouble blew over, in the same way as they are Ann Hathaway's cottage.

Bill Child of Cambridge

ILL-HEALTH has ended the boxing days of one of the best-known personalities at the University, and has even prevented him from resuming boxing instruction, and so it is but natural that all those who have passed through his skilled hands should desire in the most suitable way to mark their appreciation of all that he has done for them and boxing at Cambridge. The Cambridge University Amateur Boxing Club is anxious to get into touch with all old members, and the focal point is the Master (Donald Portway, Esq.), St. Catharine's College, who is President of the Club. Circulars can do much, but they may not reach every former member, and so the aid of the Press is sought in the belief that it will be a quicker way of hitting the desired targets, and I hope that this will prove to be so. In the war Bill Child joined the Police, but a severe illness caused him to be invalided out, and he is still not fit enough to resume the work which he did so well for over a quarter of a century. It is obvious what his former pupils can, and will, do for him.

Military Golfers at St. Andrews



Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell driving off in the Army Championships. He was a Generals' Cup semi-finalist



Major-Gen. Sir B. A. Hill, Major-Gen. R. C. Stanham, Major-Gen. A. H. Hornby, a finalist, and Major-Gen. G. Thorpe, who was a semi-finalist



Lt.-Gen. Sir A. Hood and Gen. H. Murray were two other players. The cup was won by Major-Gen. W. M. Ozanne, who beat Major-Gen. Hornby 2 and 1

Cowie, Fife



Some of the competitors in the Ladies' Race: The Hon. Mrs. R. D. Cardiff, daughter of Lord Newborough, Miss B. Kerwood, Mrs. Ecod, Mrs. Price, who was third on Mr. A. G. Delahooke's Walk On, Miss Jackson Stops, who won on Mr. F. N. Gee's Signet Ring, and Mrs. J. A. L. Schreiber

Johnson, Oxford



Miss Jane Ruck-Keene, daughter of the late Admiral Ruck-Keene, and Mr. R. A. Budgett, of Kirtlington Park, who announced their engagement on the day of the meeting

The Bicester and Warden Hill Point-to-Point at Kirtlington, Oxford

Scoreboard



IN front of the sixteenth tee of a golf course in Perthshire there stretches a beautiful lake. In the reeds beyond the lake, the other morning, there stood, in silent fishward meditation, a heron; not the least glorious of created things. Do not fret; I am no irreclaimable aviphile. These birds,

as Bluebeard said, sharpening his snicker-snee, should be kept in their place. But, as I gazed at the heron, I could not but compare its patient loveliness with the fussy ugliness of the human golfer who, if he only could see himself as I see him, especially missing a 2-ft. putt in macintosh trousers, would sell his clubs and take to hand-weaving or collecting tram-tickets. Next slide, please . . . upside-down again, I fear, headmaster . . . of course, if the work is beyond you. . . .

THERE is still no confirmation of the persistent rumour that Mrs. Braddock, M.P., has asked Mr. Quintin Hogg, M.P., to partner her in the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon. Time is getting short.

WHILE brushing up the pavilion for summer 1947, a cleaner at Lord's came on two members fast asleep on the back bench of the top storey. One of them, when woken, shouted, "Doctor Grace should take a chance. It's time he declared the innings closed." The other, when prodded with a broom, howled out, "Well bowled, Cobden; oh, by gad, Sir, well bowled indeed," then reached for his umbrella in order to break it in pieces on the next member's head, but, finding no umbrella and no member's head, cried himself to sleep again. The matter has been reported to the authorities, who will instruct the Committee to appoint a sub-Committee, which, like parallel lines, will never meet.

HIGH jinks, again, at the Dauntsey Peverill point-to-point. Rain had turned the course into a marsh. As the starter, Capt. le Roy

Faux-Popham, waded to his post, three snipe (one Full, two Jack) got up into the air. A tall sportsman, a stranger to all present, wearing the undress uniform of a Beefeater and the ribbon of the Russian Order of Chastity (4th Class), fired off both barrels. He missed the snipe, but started the race before its time.

Mrs. "Breeches" Fowle-Kennel, who was sitting on her horse, Cheesah II., back to front and conversing with the Master of the local Drag, set off in this unconventional posture. She negotiated the first jump successfully, but, at the second, she and her mount fell heavily in the mire. In the ensuing confusion Cheesah II. mounted Mrs. Fowle-Kennel, and came in third. The Stewards of the Jockey Club are to make a decision next month.

Interviewed after the race, Cheesah II. was understood to say, "The old mare took it well, but luffed a bit at the corners." A wonderful woman, la Fowle-Kennel; under the strongest sun she bleaches but never curls.

THE allegation that Caughoo left out one circuit of the course in the Grand National reminds me of the Open Golf Championship when a Mr. Carter Paterson (no relation of the carriers) returned a card of 56. Upon investigation, it was found that Mr. Paterson had only played the first nine holes. "I do not like the second nine," he remarked; "they are wet, flat, uninteresting and difficult."

ACCORDING to one newspaper, Duffy, the Charlton outside-left, ran 50 yards after scoring the winning goal at Wembley, in order to elude the embraces of his fellow-players. This recalls to me the scene, long ago, when a soccer team from Oxford University visited a country of Mittel-Europa. They had been warned by a previous team that each member of the home team kissed each member of the visiting team before the start. All was set for the mutual osculation, when the visiting team adopted evasive action. In a trice, the field was one vast game of Kiss-in-the-Ring and Chase-me-Charlie. Ah, Sport, what we suffer in your name.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow



Sir Gifford Fox, who has been M.P. for Henley since 1932, and the Hon. Lady Fox, elder daughter of the late Lord Elisley, were among the spectators



In car: Mrs. H. Gosling and Mrs. H. D. Beckwith-Smith. Behind: Miss P. R. Gosling and Mrs. R. Field-Marsham. On right: Miss S. Beckwith-Smith and Mrs. Tim Collins



F. J. Goodman

Isobel Strachey, who scored an instant success with her first novel, "*First Impressions*," has just had a new book, "*A Summer in Buenos Ayres*" (8s. 6d.), published by Jonathan Cape. She lived in the Argentine for many years, and thus has first-hand knowledge of the country



Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gray, whose book, "*The Bed—or the Clinophile's Vade Mecum*," was published in March. Mr. Gray is an authority on music, on which he has written several books, and his wife was Margery Binner, the actress. Their country home is a converted windmill in Sussex



Fayer

Mrs. Randolph Chetwynd, whose last novel, "*Future Imperfect*," was published during the winter, is also a playwright. She is the wife of Major Randolph Chetwynd, Grenadier Guards, a cousin of Viscount Chetwynd. Formerly Miss Bridget Walsh, Mrs. Chetwynd has two sons

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Life of William Hazlitt"

"The Deer on the Stairs"

"The History of Mr. Polly"

"British Golf"

P P. HOWE'S *Life of William Hazlitt* first appeared in 1922: it was then acknowledged to be the standard work on the subject, and its reputation has not declined since. This 1947 edition, published by Hamish Hamilton at 15s., will be welcome. P. P. Howe—who, Frank Swinnerton tells us in his preface, lived for years in close imaginative companionship with Hazlitt and also edited his collected works—died three years ago: he was a vivid character who engaged the affection of a wide circle of friends, and this volume is in a sense a memorial to him.

Just less than a century of time separated the biographer from his subject—Hazlitt, born in 1778, died in 1830. Had the two been contemporaries, how Howe, with his evident geniality of nature, communicative scholarliness and sound understanding, have succeeded in winning his way through the barriers Hazlitt erected around himself?

For that critic and essayist, master of English prose, ranked high among difficult, even "impossible" Englishmen. Few of our men of letters have been less winning, more disconcerting to meet. Convinced that nobody liked him, he seems to have been at pains to ensure that nobody should. His self-revealing flashes were involuntary. Hazlitt's circle—in which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey and Crabb Robinson, the diarist, loom large—seem to have been, with regard to him, in an almost perpetual state of umbrage: and really, given the evidence, one can hardly wonder. Even Charles Lamb, ironical and affectionately indulgent, was constrained to break off relations—though for a short time only. Hazlitt had enraged too many mutual friends: it was not easy to have him about the house.

* * *

SUPERFICIALLY, it may not be easy to see why William Hazlitt's nature should have developed this hostile twist. The dark-eyed, long-haired boy of the first portrait looks melancholic and sensitive, but has a pensive grace. He was not misunderstood in childhood: his father, a Unitarian minister, combined warm-hearted good sense with spirituality; in his relations with his mother, brother and sister William seems to have been nothing but happy.

His parents' hope that he might enter the ministry was relinquished, one gathers, without reproach or fuss. His brother John (to whose brush we owe that first portrait) being already a painter, William began by deciding to follow the same profession, in which he was given every chance to make good. If he did not shine (though his portrait of Charles Lamb has depth and seems both acute and sure), he won a respectable status and could be recommended. It was, indeed, as a painter that he became known, at Grasmere, to Wordsworth and Southey—Coleridge he had already met. He left the Lake District precipitately, and under a cloud.

Coleridge said of Hazlitt as a painter: "The objects must be *before* him; he has no imaginative memory." He must have been too intellectual, and not sensuous enough, to express himself through a purely visual art. From infancy he had been a precocious, omnivorous reader; as a schoolboy he wrote to his father: "I like Hebrew very well, the mathematics very much. They are very much suited to my genius." At fourteen he had embarked on an essay (which he was to revive and finish towards the end of his life) entitled "Project for a New Theory of Civil and Criminal Legislation."

This intimidating child, as he grew up, did not soften the edge of his utterance, suffer fools more gladly or abate the vehemence of his views—though, with the years, the contemplative faculty, with the love of beauty whether in art or nature, was to mature.

Eleven years old when the Bastille fell, Hazlitt, joyous acclaimer of the French Revolution and later admirer of Napoleon (the Waterloo news was received by him with black gloom), detested the reactionary spirit which in England and Europe followed 1815. His contempt for Wordsworth and Southey—who had, as he saw it, renaded from the enthusiasms of their youth—was stated, and caused bitter offence. "Poets," he wrote, "cannot well do without sympathy and flattery. It is, accordingly, very much against the grain that they remain long on the unpopular side of the question. They do not like to be shut out when laurels are to be given away at court—or places under government to be disposed of, in romantic

situations in the country. They are happy . . . to exchange their principles for a pension."

* * *

MR. HOWE has been, in his presentation of Hazlitt, remarkably impersonal and detached—indeed, he permits himself no direct comments, relying rather on contemporary accounts. It is left to the reader, having been shown all sides, to build up his judgment for himself. This method could not be more honest or fair—though it may not appeal to the lazy mind. In the twenty-five years since this *Life of William Hazlitt* was published, biography has, I think, shown a tendency to become more and more *parti pris*, to be either ruled by the author's pet theory or evidently anxious to make a case. Mr. Howe's *Hazlitt* may, accordingly, seem to the reader of 1947 almost too impartial, hardly explicit enough. As against this, the fullness of the documentation cannot but be found fascinating. Hazlitt, clearly, made a strong impression, whether favourable or otherwise, on everybody he met—and his friends' reactions, often, reveal as much about themselves as about him.

Coleridge writes, for instance, in 1803:—

His manners are 99 in 100 singularly repulsive; brow-hanging, shoe-contemplative, strange. Sharp seemed to like him; but Sharp only saw him for half an hour, and that walking. He is, I verily believe, kindly-natured; is very fond of, attentive to, and patient with children; but he is jealous, gloomy, and of an irritable pride. With all this, there is much good in him. He is disinterested; an enthusiastic lover of the great men who have been before us; he says things that are his own, in a way of his own; and though from habitual shyness, and the outside and bearskin at least, of misanthropy, he is strangely confused and dark in his conversation, and delivers himself of almost all his conceptions with a Forceps, yet he says more than any man I ever knew . . . that is his own in a way of his own.

Hazlitt's first marriage, the outcome of somewhat impish match-making of Mary Lamb's, was a bleak affair. He suffered, as two episodes were to show, from a tormenting violence of temperament. Divorced, he married a second time; but the first Mrs. Hazlitt's son, considering his mother injured, took up towards

his stepmother an attitude which did not make for peace. Throughout, his most genuine happiness was in solitude; and he became ever more closely bound to Winterslow, his home in the country—though his work as a journalist made long stays in London imperative. Cheerlessly intemperate, he was an endless consumer of strong tea. Here is part of Patmore's account (1818) of an unpropitious afternoon call at York Street:—

The outer door led immediately from the street (down a step) into an empty apartment, indicating an uninhabited house, and I supposed I had mistaken the number; but, on asking for the object of my search, I was shown to a door which opened (a step from the ground) on to a ladder-like staircase, bare like the rest, which led to a dark bare landing-place, and thence to a large square wainscoted apartment. The great curtainless windows of this room looked upon some dingy trees; the whole of the wall, over and above the chimney-piece, was entirely covered, up to the ceiling, by names written in pencil, of all sizes and characters, and in all directions—commemorative of visits of curiosity to "the house of Pindarus." There was, near the empty fireplace, a table with breakfast things upon it (though it was two o'clock in the afternoon); three chairs and a sofa were standing about the room, and one unbound book lay on the mantel-piece. At the table sat Hazlitt, and on the sofa a lady, whom I found to be his wife.

My reception was not very inviting. . . .

It is the triumph of this biography that it does make one feel the fascination Hazlitt exercised over his biographer—and, more, it extends the fascination to us. In fact, the reader Hazlitt becomes nearer, more comprehensible, and in his own contrary way, more attractive than ever he was, probably, to any of his friends in actual life. P. P. Howe's psychic as well as intellectual concentration upon his subject has not been without effect. Not only do others describe Hazlitt, he speaks for himself through quotations from the more personal and revealing pieces of his work.

As a study of a man of letters, this book is complete: the author has followed, with thoroughness, all the phases of the literary career. The stories of his association with almost all the outstanding newspapers, reviews and magazines of his time are given—we have him as political thinker, reflective essayist, reviewer, editor, and dramatic critic.

"THE DEER ON THE STAIRS" (Sampson Low; 8s. 6d.) is an accomplished, superficially slight but curiously arresting American novel by Louise Field Cooper. The action covers the Saturday and the Sunday of a sunny week-end in May; the scene is Whitebridge, an agreeable small residential New England town. We move between three houses—the charming white-painted home of the youngish, happily-married couple, John and Ellin Lay, their ten-year-old daughter, Vicky, and J., their infant son; the formal, over-kept residence of the Lays' domineering Great-Aunt Harriet; and the pink, cupola-crowned, elegant but unhappy house of Carl and Iris, another couple, who are the Lays' near neighbours and friends. Or, rather, Iris and Ellin are knit up—Iris wastes a good deal of practical Ellin's time by drifting in, talking about her sorrows.

Iris—have we not all a friend of this type?—is beautiful, touching, maddening; really a hopeless case. Nobody else in Whitebridge

BOWEN ON BOOKS

has any use for her—her nonchalance, her supercilious habit of shopping in London instead of locally, and her moony and moody behaviour at people's parties are alienating. Childless, and unhappy with her husband (for which nobody knowing Carl can blame her), Iris has, up to now, lived in a dream world of imaginary love-affairs. She now, however, electrifies Ellin Lay by announcing she intends to elope, for ever, with William Blaikie—the young man who occupies a spare bedroom on the top floor of Great-Aunt Harriet's house. A clerk, of poetic tendencies, without means, William has up to now been considered negligible. "He was a quiet, shy, dark young man with big eyes and a startled look. Meeting him on the lower stairs was like meeting a deer in a forest glade; he slipped by almost as quickly and silently, and perhaps bounded up the next flight to his lair three steps at a time."

Is Ellin Lay—considerably preoccupied, just at present, with preparations for a week-end visit from the Hathaways and a dinner party for them on Saturday night—to take Iris's fantastic project seriously? John, consulted, says definitely not: this is simply one more of Iris's brain-storms. John is persuaded to go round and reason with Iris, but finds her tranquilly seated on her lawn in a deck-chair, discussing lingerie with Great-Aunt Harriet's spinster companion, Miss Cotter.

How far, in fact, is one to separate one's friends' nonsense from their genuine tragedies? How far—in a world already sufficiently difficult—is one one's brother's (or sister's) keeper?

Mrs. Field Cooper—in whose delicious, finished, naïve and sophisticated writing I must say I delight—at once raises and, disturbingly, does not answer this question. *The Deer on the Stairs* is a perfect novel of its kind. There are conversations—on the subject, for instance, of spare-room books—which I long to quote. And the charm of the child Vicky, that cool, buccaneering ten-year-old, cannot be overlooked.

H. G. WELLS'S *History of Mr. Polly* has been republished in the Century Library (Eyre and Spottiswoode) at 6s.—with a Preface by V. S. Pritchett: inspired choice! This novel is definitely one of the classics of our age: written in 1910 it comes back, triumphantly, to-day as

the most un nonsensical, richly comic and underlyingly grim "Little Man" novel. Time seems to have given it even further point. How I wish Wells had written more in this straight, realistic (as opposed to prophetic-didactic) vein! *Mr. Polly*, if he does not quite beat, at any rate runs neck-to-neck with *Kipps*.

BERNARD DARWIN has written *British Golf* in the "Britain in Pictures" Series (Collins; 5s.). This book, by an authority and a stylist, will need little more than announcement. Mr. Darwin, after an opening section on changes in the implements for playing the game, says: "A longer book than this could easily be filled with the joys and beauties of British courses, but then a much longer book still would not suffice for the deeds of the famous golfers who have played on them. Rather than fall between two stools I have to make my choice, and I choose the golfers." Accordingly, following sections are devoted to "Professionals," "Amateurs" and "The Ladies." The illustrations—photographs and coloured reproductions of paintings—are up to the standard of this series.



W. J. Edrich (England and Middlesex), Mrs. Edrich and N. W. D. Yardley (England and Yorkshire) were three of the guests



Mr. O'Connell (President of St. Bartholomew's C.C.) and Mrs. Tubbs. The event was held at Grosvenor House



Miss Oriel Hobbs and Denis Compton, the England and Middlesex cricketer, were also among those present



Mr. J. J. Hill, Miss Venice Myers, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Cartwright, Miss D. Reynolds and Dr. Helliwell

Bart's Hospital Cricket Club Ball

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Douglas — Durham-Matthews

Mr. Wallace Douglas, brother of Mr. Robert Douglas the actor, was married recently to Mrs. Durham-Matthews, widow of the late Capt. Jack Durham-Matthews, Irish Guards, who was killed in Norway in 1940, and daughter of Mrs. Barbara Guinness. Mr. Douglas is resident producer at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage



Nichols — Nevill

Mr. Peter Richard Nichols, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nichols, of Spofforth Hall, near Harrogate, married Miss Cicely Rose Nevill, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nevill, of West Malling, Kent, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride was given away by her uncle, the Marquess of Abergavenny



Repard — Bowyer

The marriage took place at Weston Underwood Parish Church of Lt. J. D. L. Repard, D.S.C., Royal Navy, and the Hon. Peggy Bowyer, only daughter of Lord and Lady Denham, of Weston Manor, Weston Underwood, Buckinghamshire



Calvocoressi — Kennedy

Major Ian Melville Calvocoressi, only son of the late Mr. M. J. Calvocoressi and of Mrs. Calvocoressi, of 24, Wilton Crescent, S.W., married Miss Katherine Kennedy, younger daughter of the late Capt. E. C. Kennedy, R.N., and of Mrs. Kennedy, of Hampton Court Palace, at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court



Elliott — Quayle

Mr. Russell Elliott, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Elliott, of Valley View, Nazeing, Essex, married Miss Margaret Brown Quayle, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Quayle, of Dumfries, at St. John's Church, Dumfries



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Navana

Miss Penelope Carver, younger daughter of the late Mr. S. R. P. Carver of Alexandria and of Mrs. Carver of Highlands, Shorth Heath, Farnham, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Anthony Barnsdale, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Barnsdale, of Frensham Manor, Farnham



Pearl Freeman

Miss Beryl Preston Rhodes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Preston Rhodes, of Clumber Cottage, Nottinghamshire, who is to marry Mr. Gerald Bowers (Joe) Thorley, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Thorley, The Highwood, Uttoxeter, Staffs.



Miss Sarah Josephine Wells, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Michael O. J. Gibson. He is the only son of Lt.-Col. A. K. Gibson, of Kenya, and of Mrs. Gibson of Chester Row, S.W.1. Miss Wells is the younger daughter of Sir Richard Wells, Bt., and Lady Wells



Harlip

Mrs. P. J. A. Hankey, widow of Maj. Peter Hankey and daughter of Mr. J. G. Hoatson of the Transvaal, and of Lady Jackson of Cyprus, is to marry Mr. P. T. B. Harker, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. T. H. Harker, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Harker of 40 Sloane Court, S.W.3



Elliot & Fry

Mr. D. V. Penman and Miss Nelie Muspratt, who have announced their engagement. Mr. Penman is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Penman, of 1 Foxgrove Avenue, Beckenham. During the war he served with the London Scottish and was second-in-command of 1st Battalion in Italy. Miss Muspratt, who is a barrister-at-law and prospective Liberal candidate for Sevenoaks, is the only daughter of the late Mr. Clifford Muspratt of Seaforth Hall, Liverpool. She was called to the Bar in January, 1945



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Oliver Stewart ON FLYING

THE luncheon given by B.O.A.C. to celebrate the conclusion of the flying service of Captain O. P. Jones and Captain Dudley Travers was a most pleasant occasion. Lord Knollys, who presided, emphasized that success in air transport was the outcome of team work rather than of the work of brilliant individuals, yet I am afraid the individuals always win.

Nobody who has ever flown with O. P. Jones or with Dudley Travers will ever forget them or will ever think of them as anything other than extremely individual personalities. They know how to work with others, of course, but they never merge with others.

Jones goes to Ireland where another great B.O.A.C. captain has already gone to take part in the creation of the Atlantic service; while Travers stays with the corporation and is to supervise work on the Saunders-Roe flying boat from the corporation's point of view.

Lord Knollys discussed one point of general policy, which was that the corporation would in future be concentrating on what—if Sir Stafford Cripps is not listening—I would call a form of luxury air service. It is to give up trying to compete with the Americans in the matter of speed and, instead, is going to try and compete in the matter of travellers' amenities. I think that it should stand a good chance of doing better than the Americans. But I much doubt if it will do as well as the French.

Pleasant Travel

THERE was a time, before the war, when the French air lines were looked upon (unjustly as the statistics showed) as being the most dangerous in the world. Yet they never lacked passengers because they provided just those amenities which French living provides everywhere; the pleasing decoration, the wines and the cooking.

It will be interesting to see if we can do half as well. Of course our hotels are miles behind the French, but that is not their fault; it is the fault of the regulations which encompass them. Perhaps our air lines start more nearly level.

There is, by the way, an example of the French eye for decorative effect in the Air France office in the Haymarket. It is a montage showing the process of bringing an air liner to an aerodrome and one bit represents the navigator. Here a figure is shown, made entirely of a few bits of what looks like aluminium foil, deftly twisted. The effect is remarkable.

New Club

SIR LINDSAY EVERARD's name appears again as the President of the newly formed Allied Flying Services Flying Club of Leicester. Sir Lindsay has always been one of the great supporters of personal flying and has assisted generously for a great many years. His own aerodrome was very well known to countless private pilots before the war.

The new club is formed by and confined to members of the Leicester Branch of the Royal Air Force Association. I have had no details at the time of writing of the aircraft to be used or the charges to be made.

Glass Runways

FROM grass to glass is a long step, yet it may one day be taken in the surmounting of runways. Quite a good case has been made out for glass runways by the Fodor Research Laboratories. They claim that, although glass runways would cost more than concrete and much more than the old-fashioned stretch of grass, they would last longer and would enable integral lighting systems to be installed.

It has always seemed a little clumsy to make a great concrete runway and then to stick lamps all round it and sometimes in it and on it. With the glass runway which has a steel frame, lights can be let in and the lighting design completed with the runway design.

While we are about it, we might well consider the use of glass runways at Heathrow, that appalling example of poor planning and out-of-date thinking. I hear now, by the way, that the completion date has been put forward from Heathrow from 1950 to 1953. But I am wondering when a Minister will come forward with the courage to tell us what it is really going to cost.

No figure which could be near the truth has yet been breathed for fear of startling the taxpayer. My guess is £10,000,000. Is it not time that the authorities stopped pretending that it is going to cost an absurdly inadequate sum?

Records and Records

THE Mosquito record to the Cape (Brooklyn) was a fine achievement. But I think that more attention must in future be made to discriminating between an official class record, a world record and an unofficial record. By far the greatest achievement, technically and in every other way, is the world record. Next comes the class record and last the unofficial record. There are no "world" records between different parts of the world. There are only world records for speed, height, distance and what amounts to duration.

These point to point records, however, have their value in turning attention to flying and to the capacity of first-class machines, engines and crews.

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Group Captain John Grandy, D.S.O., and his wife with their infant son, who was christened John at All Saints Church, Ascot. The Hon. Mrs. Aitken was one of the godparents. Group Captain Grandy was a Battle of Britain pilot and also distinguished himself in Burma.

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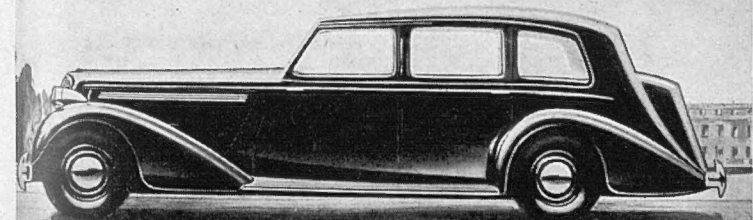


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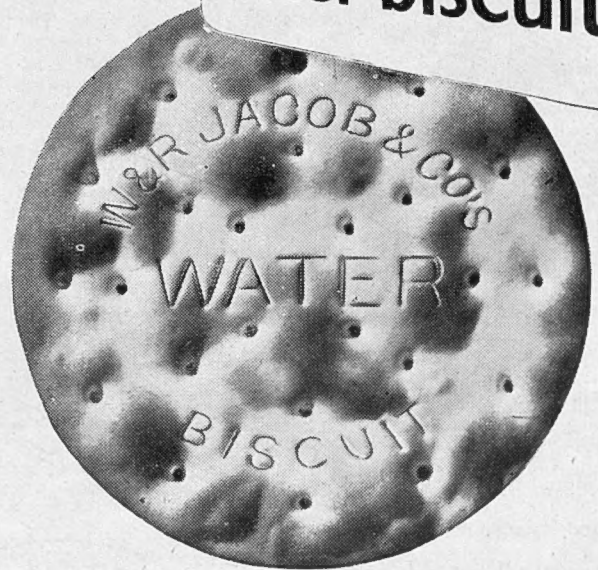
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Whose House is this?

In another half minute, John and Elizabeth will be seated in those two chairs, relaxing at last after a strenuous day. They will watch the May night creep quietly up to the house, then John will close the garden doors and draw the curtains.

This has been their house since the day they were married. It is in this room, in the evening, that they like to sit back, talking, thinking, dreaming, as they take slow sips of their Horlicks. What a comfort Horlicks is at the end of the day! What a blessed assurance of sound sleep tonight and renewed vitality tomorrow!

Horlicks is still not plentiful, but the shops are sharing out what they have as fairly as possible.

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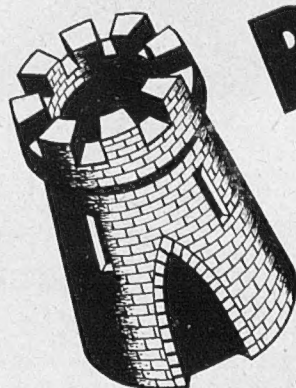
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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, May 14, 1947. Re-entered as Second-class Matter January 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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